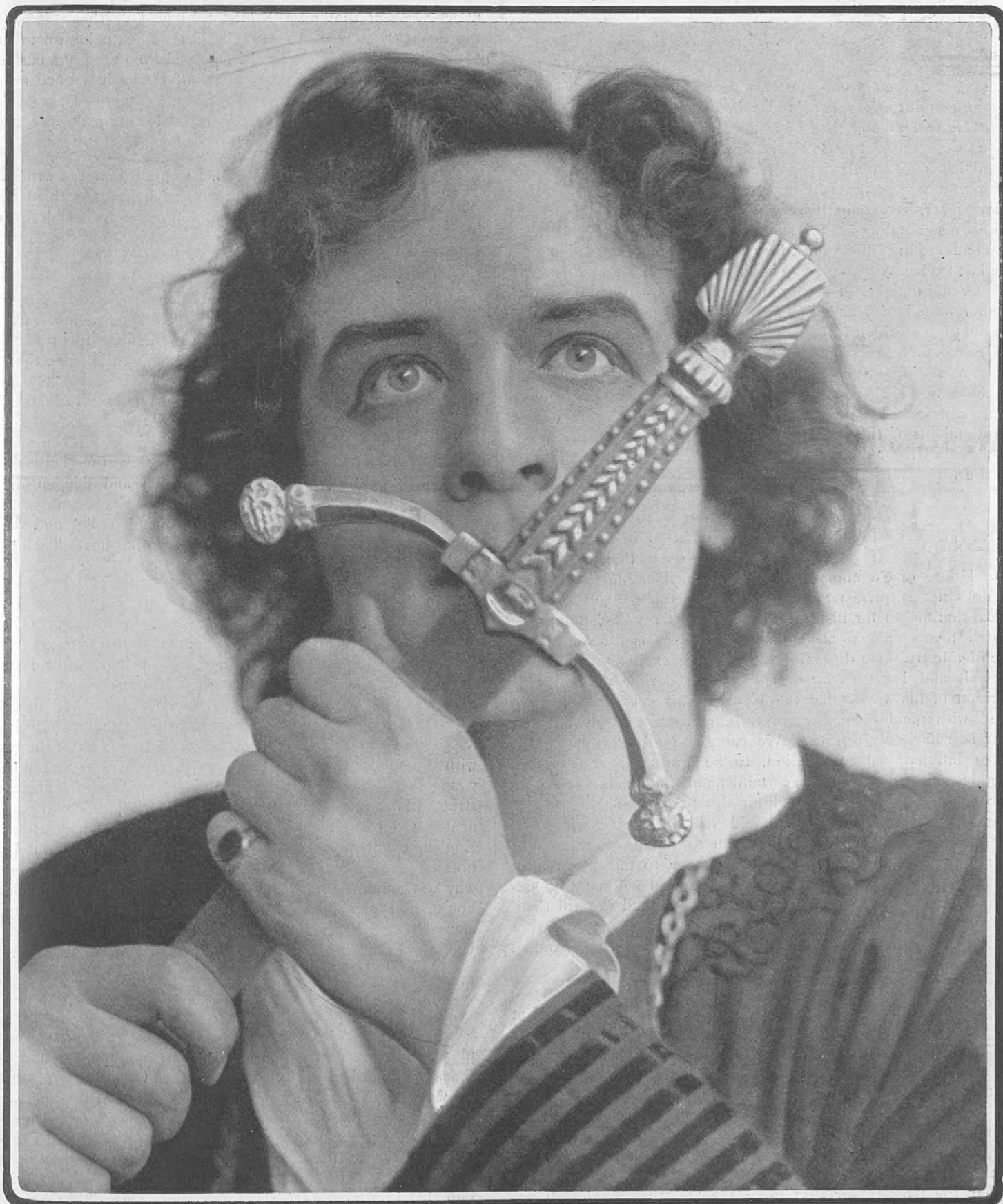


The Sketch

No. 842. —Vol. LXV.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 17, 1909.

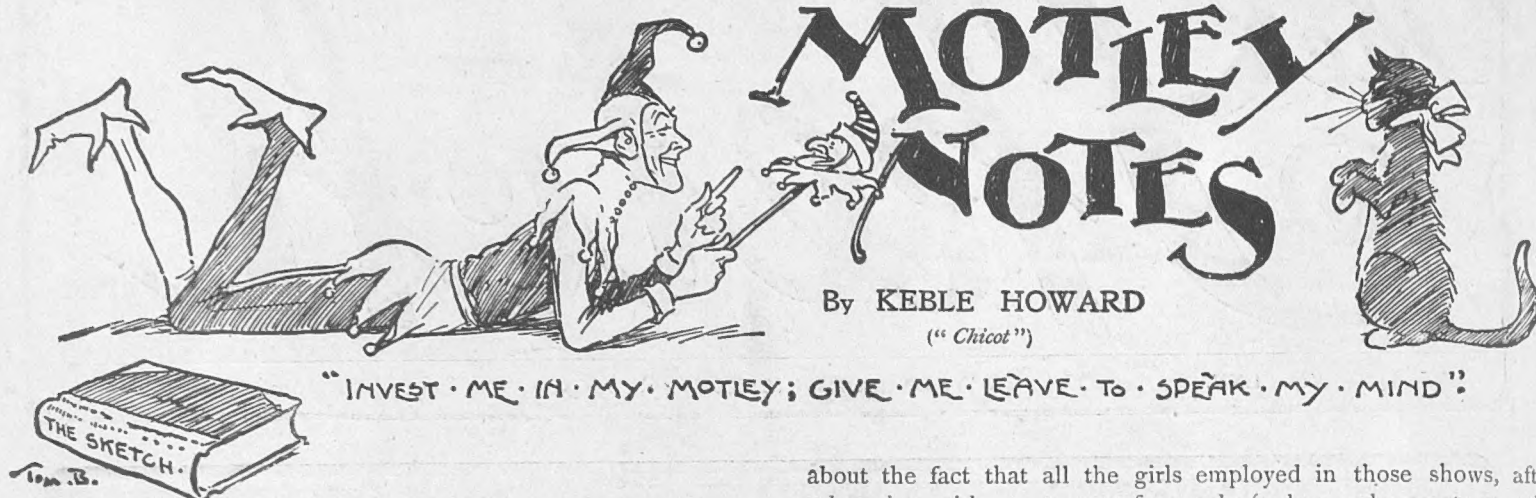
SIXPENCE.



THE NEW — AND POPULAR — HAMLET: MR. MATHESON LANG AS HAMLET, AT THE LYCEUM.

"Hamlet" was revived at the Lyceum on Saturday evening, with Mr. Matheson Lang as Hamlet and Miss Hutin Britton as Ophelia.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.



Non-Committal. I have not the slightest intention of libelling the Chief Cook of New College, Oxford. For aught I know to the contrary, he is an artist. For the sake of the senior and junior members of the college, to say nothing of their guests, I sincerely hope that he is an artist. If he is, the junior members were sadly at fault when they raided his kitchen, and, as reported in one of my daily papers, wrecked it. For not only were they lacerating in brutal fashion the feelings of one who, as shown by his artistry, is peculiarly susceptible to adverse criticism, but they were also singling out for such cruel treatment a man whose position among his fellows must be well-nigh unique. In the course of the last twelve years, college cooking may have become a thing of wonder and delight. I do not know whether this is the case; if it is, no reports have reached me, even through the medium of that gay little journal which I read every week with swelling heart, the *Isis*. Twelve years ago, at any rate, a raid on almost any college kitchen would have been not only pardonable, but an act of positive piety. I shall await my *Isis* this week with more than usual impatience. I hope, indeed, that I shall read therein of the exquisite talents of the Chief Cook of New College, and the sense of indignation throughout the University at the impious conduct of his critics.

The Politician at Table.

I see that New College is not the only institution of importance that is in trouble with regard to its kitchen. It seems that the kitchen of the House of Commons is showing a considerable weekly loss. This does not surprise me. There is something about the life political that makes for ill-feeding and dyspepsia. Your politician, although he so seldom accomplishes anything, is always in the deuce of a hurry. He dines in batches, talks excitedly throughout the meal, and leans so far over the table during the eloquent exposition of his views that the lapels of his coat are generally stained with pickle-sauce or gravy. One speaks lightly, but the matter is sufficiently serious. We cannot afford, in the present state of international competition, to be governed by a set of dyspeptics. I suggest that a certain number of members—some medical men might be imported for the purpose—should be told off as male nurses, that they should make it their business to see that each member, on sitting down to dinner, is wearing a bib, and that they should not allow them to talk at all until they have diligently masticated and swallowed so many ounces of bread and so many ounces of meat. Then, and not till then, shall we honestly feel, as we lay our heads upon our pillows at night, that our foreign and domestic affairs are being handled with temperance and wisdom.

The "Times" on the Stage.

Once again, I regret to state, I find myself at issue with the *Times*. This is the *Times* on the Stirling case: "If gentlemen take their wives from behind the footlights and from girls whose minds and whose lives are saturated with unreality, they have only themselves to thank if the thing ends as this has ended. Their friends are distressed, the public is mildly sympathetic, but nobody is surprised." I wonder if the writer of these grave words really knows very much about his subject? I think not. In the first place, why does he say that the lives of girls on the stage are "saturated with unreality"? Surely it is the playgoer, and not the player, who is saturated with unreality! Is there any unreality, for example, about the sudden closing of the Aldwych Theatre, following hard upon the sudden closing of the Waldorf Theatre? Is there any unreality

about the fact that all the girls employed in those shows, after rehearsing without payment for weeks (unless, unknown to me, the managers of the theatres named departed from the usual custom and paid salaries during rehearsal), now find themselves once again out of work? Is there any unreality about fighting to make one's way in a terribly overcrowded profession, about bitter jealousies, constant injustice, poverty-stricken homes?

Just a Word in Season.

Is it possible, I wonder, that the writer of the article in the *Times* believes, with so many of the public, that all, or the great majority, of the chorus-girls and "show-ladies" in London lunch at the Savoy, dine at the Ritz, and sup at the Imperial or Romano's? Don't they wish they did, poor dears! Does he think, when he sees a pretty actress getting out of a motor-brougham, that every pretty girl on the London stage has a motor-brougham? If such were the case, one would pity the police whose duty it is to regulate the traffic in the Strand and Shaftesbury Avenue! Does he think that they all, or the great majority of them, have flats, and sables, and French maids? Don't they wish they did, poor, patient little patrons of the Twopenny Tube! Seriously, though, it is too bad to condemn a whole profession in this out-of-hand fashion. I believe, as the result of experience and observation, that the hardships and adventures of the life broaden the minds and deepen the sympathies of the girls engaged in it, with a resultant camaraderie that makes them, in many cases, more companionable; and therefore more successful as wives than the girl who has never had a glimpse beneath the surface of things.

Bitter Humour.

Sir H. Hesketh Bell, the Governor of Uganda, has been describing, in what is called an "amusing" way, the customs and habits of the people of Bukedi. I find nothing amusing, I am sorry to say, in Mr. Bell's description of the treatment of the bachelors of Northern Bukedi. Indeed, it makes sad enough reading, showing as it does that these poor natives, whose educational advantages must be comparatively small, are precisely on a par in this matter of the treatment of the bachelor with the modern English hostess. "All the lads and unmarried young men," I read, "are made to sleep in small, specially constructed huts raised high up on posts." Where could you find a neater and more truthful picture of the bachelors' quarters in an English country house? As I have before pointed out in these notes, because a man is miserable in his solitude, is that any reason why he should be thrust into a fireless cupboard at the back of the house, and served, some considerable time after waking, with stewed tea? Sir H. Hesketh Bell need not have gone so far as Uganda for his "amusing" stories.

The Complete Altruist.

A correspondent sends me the name of a gentleman who, for the sum of one guinea, is willing and even eager to teach would-be playwrights what sort of plays the managers want, and how to write them. I am asked to state (1) whether I know the gentleman, and (2) whether the guinea would be well spent. These questions are rather embarrassing. After very careful consideration, however, I have replied to my correspondent as follows: "Madam, I have not the privilege of the advertiser's acquaintance, but I hasten to assure you that, if he knows what managers want, and is willing to impart the information for a guinea, he is a noble fellow." And this is true. Many men, with a valuable secret of that sort in their possession, would turn it to their own base advantage, instead of offering to place it at the disposal of all and sundry for the purely nominal sum of a guinea.

A CLUB DINNER IN AN OPERA-HOUSE:
THE ROYAL AUTOMOBILE CLUB'S BANQUET AT COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.



1. THE MARQUIS DE SOVERAL, WHO WILL BE PRESENT.
2. THE PRINCE OF WALES, THE CHIEF GUEST OF THE EVENING.
3. THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND, PRESIDENT OF THE CLUB.

4. PRINCE FRANCIS OF TECK, CHAIRMAN OF THE CLUB.
5. SIR HUBERT VON HERKOMER, WHO WILL BE PRESENT.
6. MR. WILKIE BARD, WHO WILL SING.

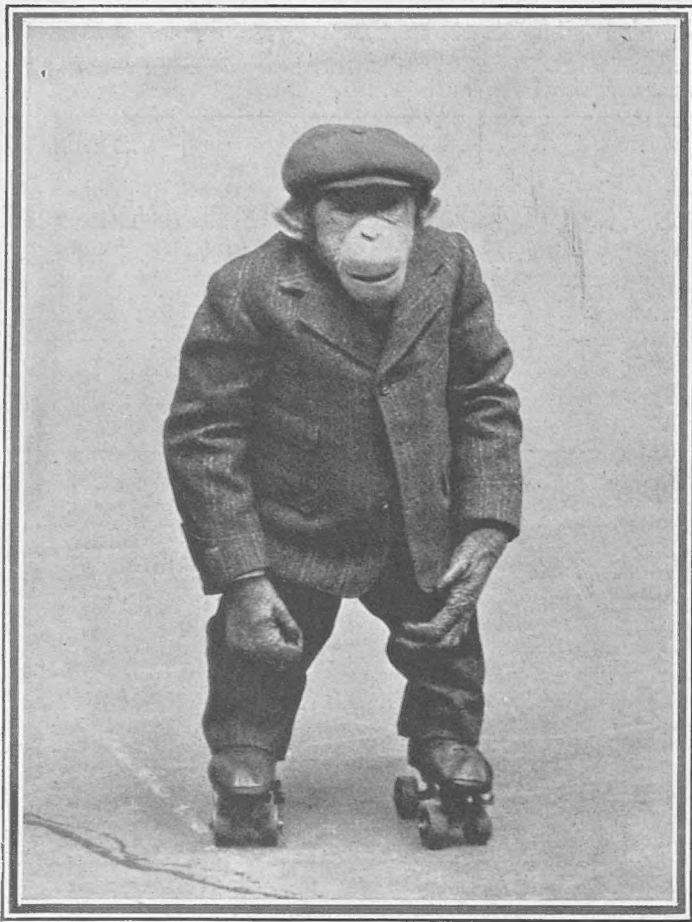
7. MISS MARGARET COOPER, WHO WILL SING.
8. MR. HARRY LAUDER, WHO WILL SING.
9. LITTLE TICH, WHO WILL DANCE.
10. MISS MAUD ALLAN, WHO WILL DANCE.

PEOPLE WHO WILL ENTERTAIN, WILL BE ENTERTAINED, AND WILL ACT AS ENTERTAINERS.

The annual dinner of the Royal Automobile Club is to be held at Covent Garden Theatre to-morrow (Thursday) evening. The whole of the theatre is being turned into a dining-room, and the diners will sit on the stage, on the floor of the house, and in the ten large double boxes. After the dinner and the speeches, the company will disperse into the foyers and corridors, and on their return to the body of the house at ten o'clock they will find it arranged for the concert and variety entertainment.

Photographs 1, Elliott and Fry; 2, Stuart; 3, Russell; 4, Lafayette; 5, Mills; 7 and 10, Foulsham and Banfield; 8, Hayne; and 9, Hana.

RIVAL ROLLER-SKATERS; AND PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK.



IMITATING HIS MORE SKILLED RELATIVES, CONSUL LEARNING
TO ROLLER-SKATE.

Consul had his first lesson in roller-skating a day or two ago, and was wonderfully successful. He managed to shuffle round the rink in fashion that would not have put to shame the ordinary beginner.

Photograph by Topical.



THE SMALLEST—AND GREATEST—ATTRACTION IN "WINTER IN
HOLLAND": MASTER VIDEO.

Master Video may well be called both the greatest and the smallest attraction in the excellent roller-skating scena at the Empire. He is remarkably skilful, and performs a number of tricks.

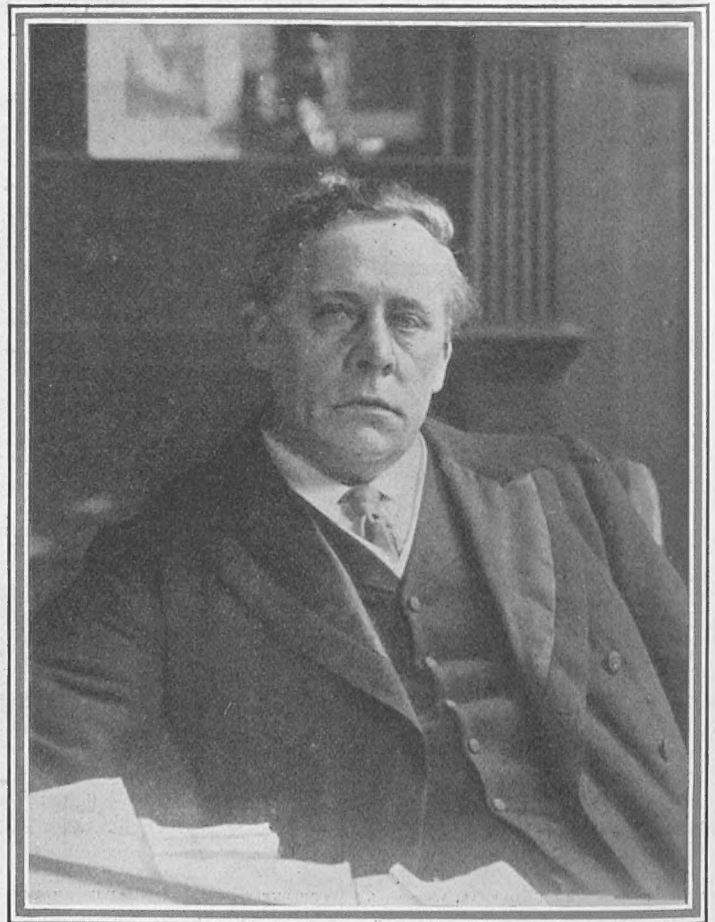
Photograph by Campbell-Gray.



WANTED, A BERTH; THE FIRST LICENSED CHAUFFEUSE.

This lady has a license to drive a cab, and is now seeking an engagement as a "chauffeuse." She is twenty-nine, the daughter of a military man, and a member of the Nurses' Yeomanry Corps.

Photograph by Halfones.



THE CITY'S HERO OF THE WEEK; MR HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

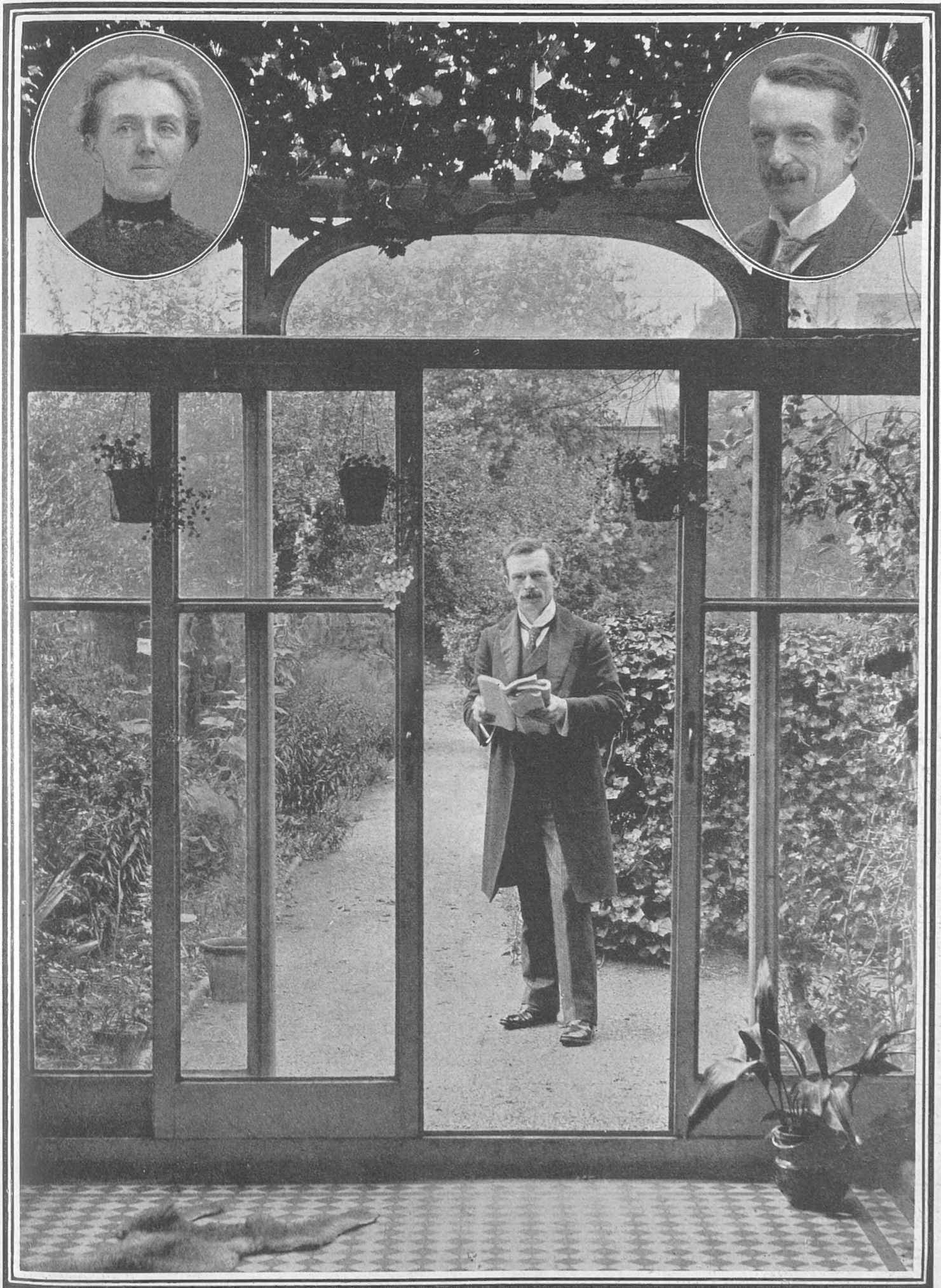
The great Bottomley trial ended with the triumph of Mr. Bottomley, Sir James Ritchie deciding that "in this case no jury ought to convict." The announcement was received with cheers and with much waving of hats.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

THE MINISTER WHOSE NAME IS ON EVERYONE'S LIPS.

MRS. LLOYD GEORGE.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE.



THE RIGHT HON. DAVID LLOYD GEORGE, CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, WHOSE BUDGET ANNOUNCEMENT IS AWAITED WITH GREAT INTEREST.

Mr. Lloyd George's Budget statement is awaited with much interest and some trepidation, for there is hardly a class of the community that does not fear additional taxation.

Photographs by Ernest H. Mills.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE. MR. TREE.
 EVERY EVENING, at 8.40,
 (LAST WEEKS.) THE DANCING GIRL. By Henry Arthur Jones. (LAST WEEKS.)
 Preceded at 8 by TILDY'S NEW HAT.
 MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.

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 Play, OUR MISS GIBBS. Box-office open daily 10 till 10.

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 AN ENGLISHMAN'S HOME. 8.30, Mr. Cyril Clensy. MAT. WEDS. SATS. 2.30.

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PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.

BRUMMELL

IDIOT & PHILOSOPHER

By COSMO HAMILTON

On Convalescence. I've got one or two sound and round things to say about convalescence, and so say 'em I must or bust. I'm

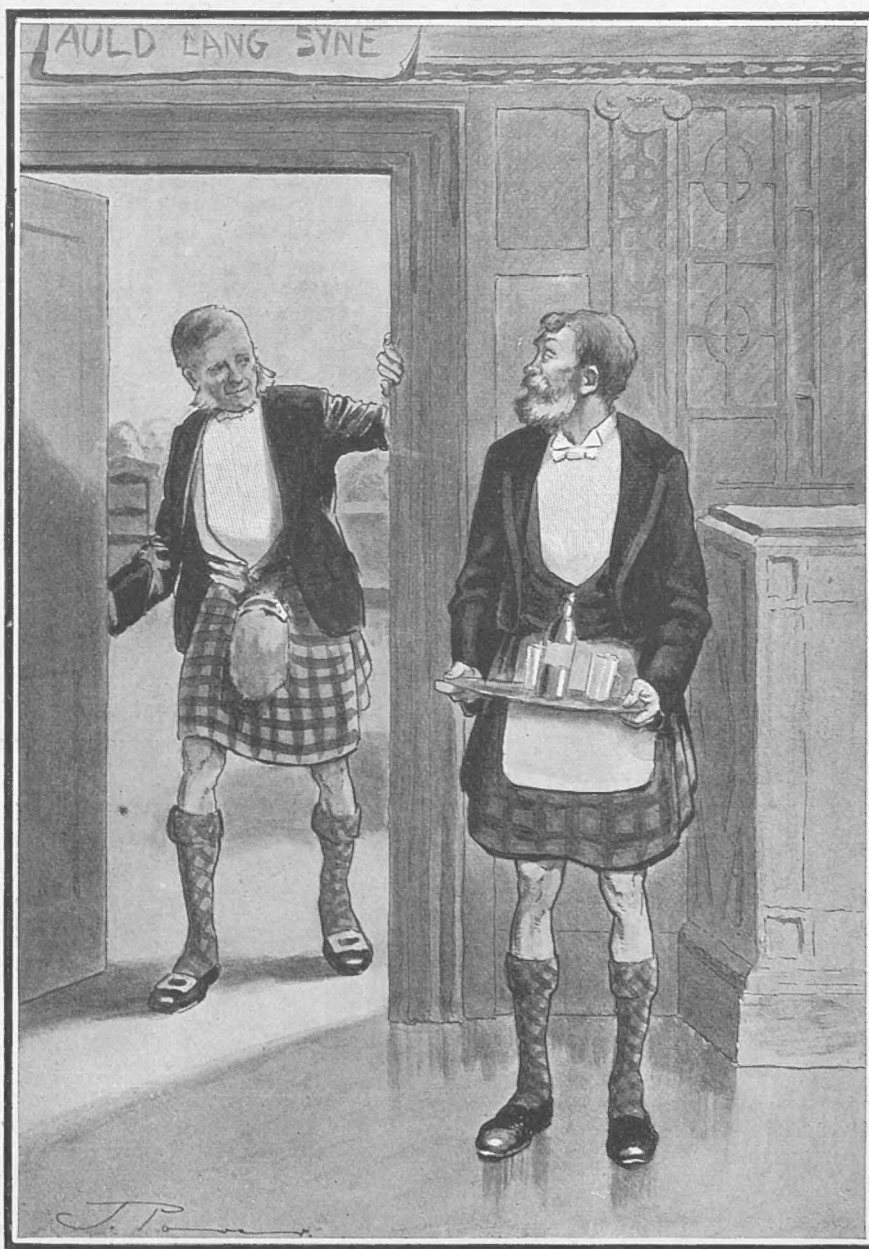
in a rhymin' mood this time, what? Put it down to the weather, d'y'see. Put everythin' down to the weather, and you won't be far out. It's . . . well, it's . . . I'd better leave it at that. For one thing, I never swear. Not on principle, because, being a gentleman and livin' in modern times among gentlemen, I've naturally got no principles. I simply don't swear, any more than I willingly stay within a thousand yards of a motor-'bus. I hate ugly sounds. Do you follow me? But harkin' back to what I started out to say. About convalescence I'll say this, and say it in its favour. It's worth while to have a dose of pleasant illness, just for the pleasure of feeling better. I've never noticed it before, because before I hadn't got into the habit of noticin', but I've discovered that it's a nice form of indoor pastime to lie awake when you find that sleep has absolutely taken its hook in the mornin', and ask yourself how you feel—metaphorically to examine the health-glass and see whether it's set fair or still unsettled. Eh? Don't agree with me if you feel you can't. Then too, to me, convalescence has its excitements. What to be convalescent in, for instance. That's a very pretty problem. That's a very jolly form of wonderment that exercises the artistic portion of one's thinkin' battery. I let it go. I really did. I designed and had built a series of dressin'-gowns in which to receive my sympathisers, and all of 'em were hot. For I was missed when I fell out of my daily routine. Dear old Bee was missed. That's somethin', y'know, these times. I was very touched to find it so, and not a little surprised. Other dear old Bees wondered what had become of me, and, more than that, came to find out. Ah! there are ways of makin' sure of friendship then, what?

I Receive in Dressin' Gowns. The first day I was able to sit up and take nourishment, and began to look round me again with a sort of show of interest, four men called to make inquiries. My man interviewed 'em, reassured 'em, and sent 'em away relieved. By the next day, seeing the way the wind was blowin', the first of my dressin'-gowns came home. So I received. There was a charmin' minor tone about that first one that fitted the circumstances. Made a distinct hit. Brought comments and eulogistic remarks. The second one was tinged with a pink line, to suggest a revivin' keenness for life. Another hit. Saw five men

in it. The third one was red—quiet, a little timid, but red. Red stands for hope. Oh, a bull! Most tweekey. What the Americans ingeniously call dinkey. Several of my women friends who called were charmed, and took cuttings. Now, all that's good. All that's very, very harmless, and keeps one busy in a light way. It's also healthy, because everything is healthy—as it has just lately been discovered by an eminent scientist—that gives the brains something to do. And don't forget this. Don't forget that men like me—typical Englishmen of the best sort, upon whom thousands have been spent for educative purposes, men who make England what it is, and all that—haven't got so much brain that they can afford to let it get rusty. It's the law of compensation again, and is the same all the world over. The better the man the less the brain. D'y'see? It's summing up a gigantic truth in a few simple Biblical words, but the fact remains. And when I say the better the man, I mean better in the born-and-bred sense, of course—the House of Lords sense. That's plain enough, I take it. What?

The Less Brain, said and the Wiser the donee, Man. the less brain the wiser the man. We don't want as much brain as the cove that has to get through the push. We wake up to find ourselves in the enclosure, and at once set to work to cultivate everything else but brains. And it's wise and right. How could we govern the country by throwin' back the harum-scarum Bills that are flung at us by the silly fellers in the Commons if we were brainy chaps? Do you see my point? The people who govern must be just a tinge stupid, otherwise they would be for ever trying to be clever, and

the result would be chaos. I'm not talkin' through my hat, or performin' any other such gymnastic and wholly useless feat. I point for confirmation to the pages of history. You will find that, since 1066, only the obviously un-brainy, dogged, fine fellers have been made Peers. It's only within the last fifty years that the granting of peerages has become a business. It always was a political business. The party funds are soon spent. Now it's a private spec., and so a few very brainy and quite wrong men have got in; but once in, bless you, it's wonderful how quickly they catch the wilful, proud non-braininess of the fellers they find in the Lords. Same thing happens in the Commons. Catch an Anarchist, give him a Government post, and out he blushes as a Conservative. All of which is pretty red-hot sense. Note it, d'y'see?



AT THE LAST TOAST.

THE CHAIRMAN (to Waiter): Hae ye any bilin' water down there?
THE WAITER: Hoot, aye, plenty! but it's caul!

[DRAWN BY J. POWER.]



THE CLUBMAN



The Flying Man.

Wright knew of the hospitable plans that are being formed for his entertainment, he would shake in his shoes. If he was much embarrassed when the Mayor of Pau insisted that he should have a chef to cook his meals for him, how frightened he will be when the post every day brings him a score of great envelopes, each enclosing a great piece of cardboard, each of which means a ten-course dinner. The Pilgrims, I believe, are already on his track, and every other Society and Club connected with America will feel hurt if the clever and daring American does not dine with them and make an after-dinner speech.

The Government's Invitation.

The War Office has invited the Messrs. Wright to come to England as the nation's guests, and therefore they will be given their choice of all available Government lands to practise over. There are at Aldershot two or three great sheds which contain various dirigible balloons, and the air-ship that can scarce be persuaded to rise. No doubt these sheds will be put at the service of the Wrights; and the company of Engineers who spend their happy lives in inflating and deflating balloons and hauling on guide-ropes would, of course, give all the assistance the aviators might require. The Wrights, however, love solitude, and I fancy that Salisbury Plain is likely to be more to their liking than the great common near the Berkshire camp. I once spent three days at a comfortable hotel on the confines of Aldershot waiting for the British air-ship to fly, and seeing nothing.

The Aldershot Air-Ship.

I did not go down to "The Shot" to see balloons or air-ships, but to pay a visit to my old regiment, which was quartered there. I found, however, that the great subject of conversation in camp was the air-ship, and a trial of it, which had been held in the dusk, was said to have been so successful that the next time the great artificial bird came out

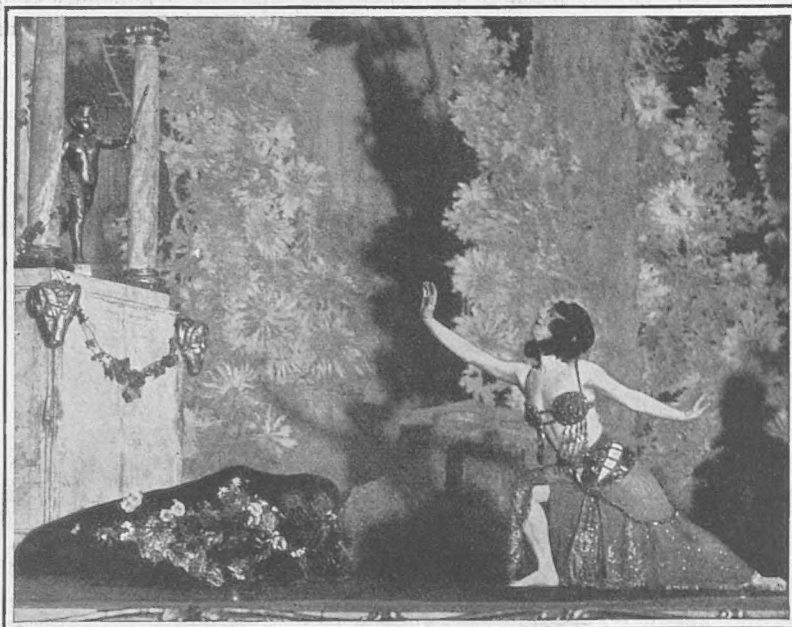
The Flying Man is to be the hero of this summer in England, and if Mr. Wilbur

of its cage, it would make a long flight to wherever the aviator chose to go. The manager of the hotel, when he showed me to my room, pointed out that my window commanded a view of the air-ship sheds, and that if the dirigible or the aeroplane came out for an airing, I should get a splendid view of them.

On the hill where the golf-links are, which is near the hotel, there were always little groups of people looking across the common to the sheds, and a few Guardsmen would stroll up after parade to make sure that no flying was going on without being witnessed by them and their comrades. The attraction of the invisible air-ship came upon me also. I got out of bed as soon as it was dawn and rushed to my window to see if the aviators were stealing a march on us; at dusk, if I was reading or writing, I went to the window at intervals, and all day long I had one eye on the sky, to see if the big bird was manœuvring there.

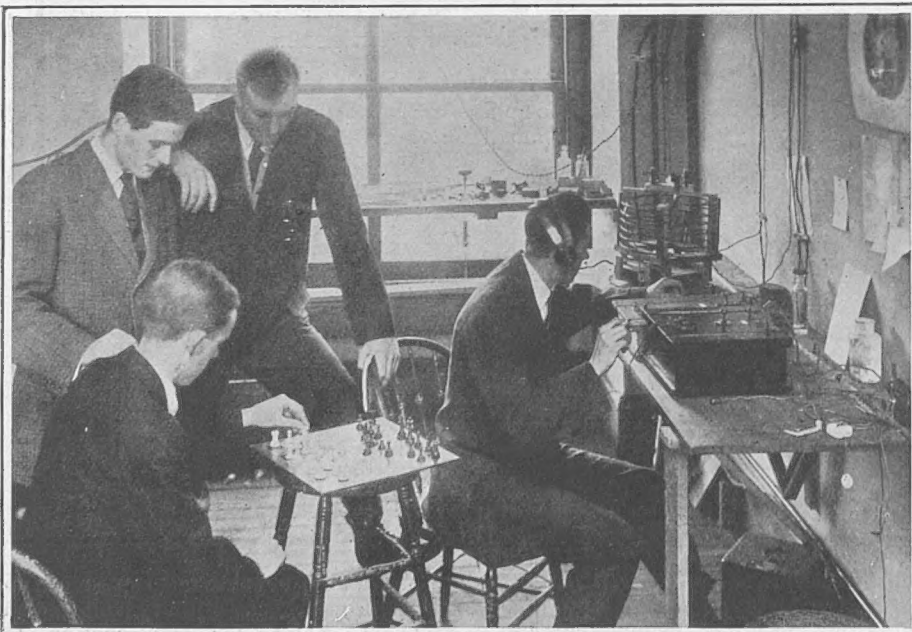
A Place of Mystery.

No air-ship and no balloon appeared, and the talk after dinner in the lounge of the hotel was that the Aldershot air-ship was not the real air-ship, but merely an experimental one to try various parts which were being made for an air-ship—the real air-ship—which was being built with tremendous secrecy in Scotland. Somebody even gave the exact locality where the mysterious ship was coming into existence: it was, if I remember rightly, on the estates of the Marquess of Tullibardine. At last the attraction of the mysterious sheds became so strong that I walked over to them to see what I could see. I saw very little except some strangely shaped buildings. There was much hammering going on in a forge, and in a long room a score of girls sat sewing a strip of golden-coloured silk on to a collapsed balloon; but the doors of the great sheds were closed, and a tall, spiked railing was between them and curiously inclined persons such as I was. Walking on towards the camp of the Engineers, I found two partly filled balloons, each with a little screen of canvas round its base. They looked like two fat golden birds sitting on very small nests.



THE GOD OF LOVE AS A SUBSTITUTE FOR THE HEAD OF JOHN THE BAPTIST: THE DIVINE AMYLLA IN "PHYDRA."

A little statue of the God of Love is to the Divine Amylla, of the London Pavilion, what the head of John the Baptist is to Miss Maud Allan and others—the centre of a dance of primitive passions.—[Photograph by Halfpence.]



"WIRELESS CHESS": PRINCETON STUDENTS PLAYING A GAME BY WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

"Wireless Chess" is a new form of amusement at Princeton. It has been made possible by the installation at the University of a complete wireless plant. This outfit, set up in Science Hall, is the first of a chain of these up-to-date communicating machines that will make it possible for a conversation to be carried on between the seats of learning in America, for an inter-collegiate chess series to be conducted through the air, for students to exchange views on athletic matters, questions of import to the debating societies, and other scholastic items without the expense of a telegram or the delay of communicating through the medium of the mail. One afternoon a chess game by wireless was carried on between the students of Princeton University and the experts of the ships at the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

Photograph by the P.-F. Press Bureau.

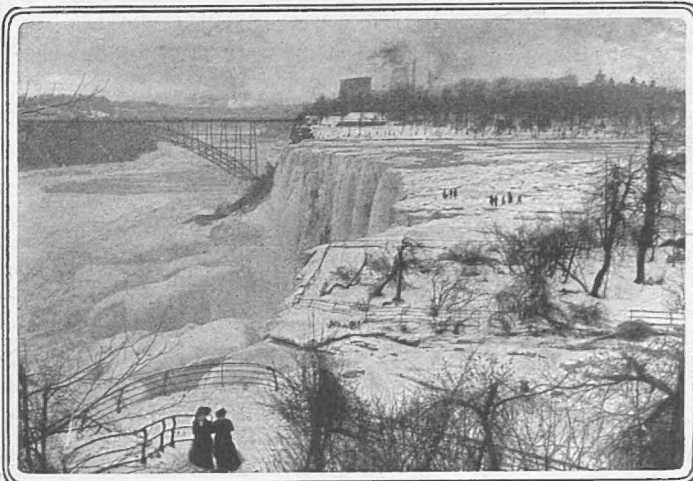


OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!



STROLLING ON A WILDERNESS OF WATER: WALKING AT THE FOOT OF THE FROZEN NIAGARA FALLS.

The severity of this winter has caused remarkable scenes at the Niagara Falls, the waters being so far stilled by the frost that it has been possible to walk not only on the top of the Falls themselves, but on what are usually the whirling waters beneath.

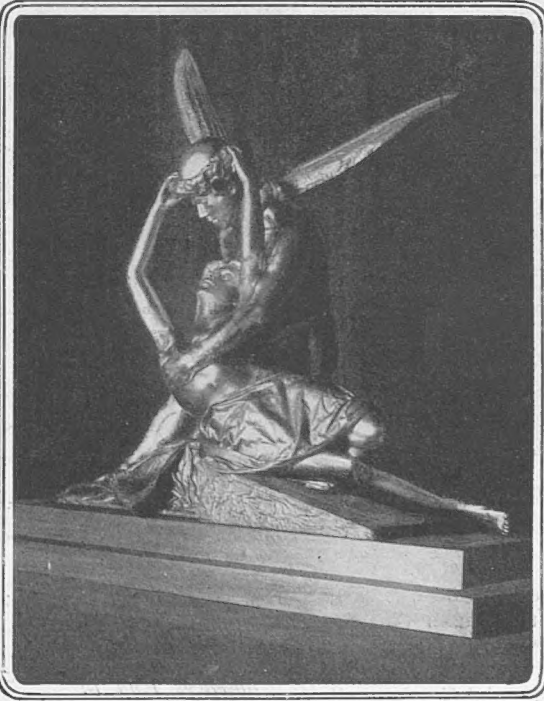


WALKING ON NIAGARA FALLS: AN ALMOST UNIQUE EXPERIENCE, MADE POSSIBLE BY THE FROST THIS WINTER.



MAKING UP A "BARE BRONZE STATUE": GIVING THE LIVING MODEL HER COATING OF BRONZE PAINT.

Photograph by G. G. Bain.



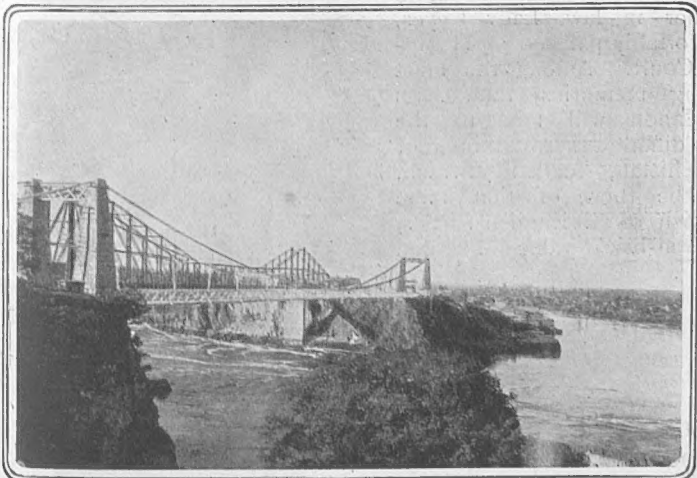
LIVING BRONZES: "BARE BRONZE STATUES" AS AMOUR AND PSYCHE.

The statues are represented by living models clad, for the most part, in bronze paint.—[*Photograph by G. G. Bain.*]



AN INNOVATION IN A NEW YORK HOTEL: A UNIFORMED LIFT-MAID REPLACING THE ELEVATOR-BOY.

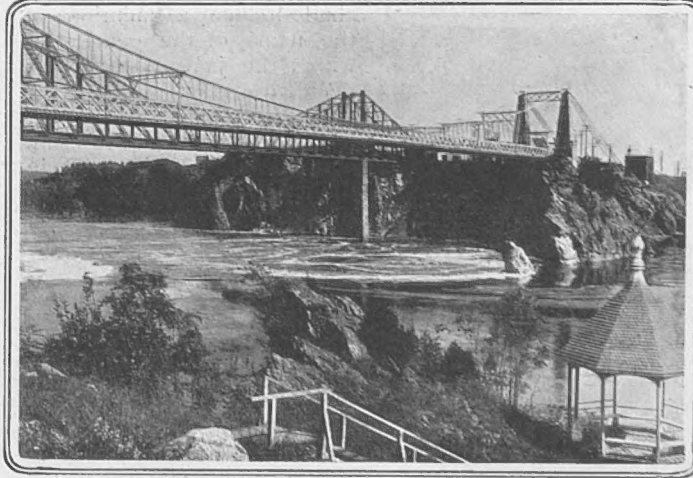
Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.



THE FALLS WHEN THE INFLOWING TIDE HAS OBLITERATED THE OUTWARD FALL, AND THE CURRENT IS MOVING UP-STREAM.

WATER THAT RUNS UPHILL AND DOWNHILL: THE REVERSIBLE FALLS AT ST. JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK.

Photographs by F. Yeigh.



THE UP-STREAM MOVEMENT OF THE FALLS THAT RUN UPHILL FROM THE BAY OF FUNDY TO THE RIVER ST. JOHN.



ENGAGED TO LADY MYEE CARRINGTON: VISCOUNT BURY, ELDEST SON OF LORD ALBEMARLE.

Photograph by Lafayette.

will give him half-a-guinea, is still kept. All the same, she warned her schoolboy friend not to grow up "extragant," and not to get into "dept." Mr. and Mrs. Derek Keppel, the uncle and aunt of Lord Bury, enjoy royal approval in a later generation.

Off-Guards. The officer-ing of the Scots Guards will undergo some minor changes during the near future, for not only will considerable leave of absence ensue upon Lord Bury's engagement and its consequences, but Viscount Coke is resigning his commission. He has belonged to the regiment for nine years, and he saw active service in South Africa. He is the grandson of the late Earl of Leicester, and it is his father's accession to that title and to the duties falling upon the owner of an estate of nearly fifty thousand acres that has led him to abandon the military career. Once there were two Leicesters in the field, for Viscount Coke's father also served in South Africa, and, like his son, resigned a commission in the Scots Guards.

Not at Home.

No. 10, Downing Street, is always in a state of siege. The number of menials in the hall has been doubled, and every woman visitor who is not recognised is closely scrutinised before being granted admittance. Even men are regarded with suspicion. They are eyed from top to toe; but nothing shall induce a mention of the name of the gentleman whom the janitors promptly decided was a Jezebel in disguise. It is no longer possible for the Premier's wife to be "At Home" in the usual open acceptance of the term.

Luncheon Fare and Fairs.

The Society of American Women in London looked, as well as spoke, very prettily at their luncheon last week at the Hotel Cecil. Miss Maud Allan—of Salome, bare-feet and classical-dancing fame—was of the company, but Madame de Navarro's absence was much regretted. This is her Roman season, when St. Peter's sees much more of her than do her friends, unless they too

are in the Eternal City and may watch her make her daily way, attended by her prayer-book-laden husband, across the broad Piazza di San Pietro. But even without her lovely and renowned profile, the luncheon party presented many pretty outlines, to right and to left, and the makers of various outrageous sayings in discredit of American beauty were put to confusion, unless they gave their whole attention to their dishes. It was Kubelik who said that he could not find his ideal in the States, and when asked if he had



ENGAGED TO MISS GLADYS BAGGALAY: MR. WILLIAM CECIL AMHERST, SON OF BARONESS AMHERST OF HACKNEY.

Photograph by Lafayette.

The Novelist at Fault.

Mr. Henry James is a worse offender than the young violinist, for he has had every opportunity of arriving at a fair judgment of fair women. At the close of his last visit to his own old country he whispered to his hostess at a farewell party, "I have seen no beautiful woman during all my stay," and then, just in time, he added, "save one." Mr. James was not among the invited last week. Nor was there any supplement to the excellent speech-making, such as surprised and delighted the Society's guests on a previous occasion, when the luncheon followed hard on the news of the end-

ing of the Boer War: a hundred pretty throats joined in a hymn of thanksgiving for peace.

"Journeys End in Lovers' Meeting."

Calcutta has set the fashion in marriages far removed, and quite a number of April's weddings will be very much out of hearing of the bells of Hanover Square or Westminster. Miss McMahon goes to Quetta for her groom, leaving a mother in London and a future mother-in-law, Lady Keyes, comfortably palaced at Hampton Court. Among the most lasting memories that Miss McMahon will take to the very different surroundings of Baluchistan, called British, will be those of that most English of all English scenes, the red-brick palace founded by Cardinal Wolsey, and now the home of pictures and officers' widows. To Montreal goes Mr. Rowland Barran, M.P. (uncle of Sir John Barran, Bart., the late victor of the Hawick Burghs election), to wed Miss Louise Stevenson Brown; and Captain P. F. Fitzgerald will somehow find his way to Territet, and his promised bride, the Baroness Adrienne de Geer, on the 14th of April.



MR. SPENCER ACKLOM, OF THE HIGHLAND LIGHT INFANTRY, AND MISS LULU SPENCER, WHOSE ENGAGEMENT IS ANNOUNCED.

Photographs by Martin Jaccotte and Esme Collings.



MISS DOROTHY DAVIDSON, WHO IS ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN CHARLES MARTIN MAYNARD.

Photograph by Annie Bell.



CAPTAIN CHARLES MARTIN MAYNARD, WHO IS ENGAGED TO MISS DOROTHY DAVIDSON.

Photograph by Annie Bell.

TO BE MASCOT: BILLY 'POSSUM, VICE TEDDY BEAR, RETIRED.

THE OPOSSUM—TO BE TO MR. TAFT WHAT THE BEAR WAS TO MR. ROOSEVELT.



1. OUT FOR A CONSTITUTIONAL.

2. A YOUNG OPOSSUM BORED.

3. THE WAY TO HOLD AN OPOSSUM.

4. AN OPOSSUM CLIMBING A TREE.

5. A YOUNG OPOSSUM HANGING BY ITS TAIL.

6. OPOSSUMS AT HOME, IN A HOLLOW TREE.

7. A SHE-OPOSSUM WITH HER KITTENS CLINGING TO HER LONG HAIR.

It is believed that the 'possum will be to Mr. Taft, the new President of the United States, what the bear, of the Teddy variety, was to Mr. Roosevelt, the ex-President. Billy 'Possum has been a good deal to the fore since Mr. Taft was entertained at a 'possum banquet in Georgia. He forms a favourite dish in the South of America, and his flesh is described — unluckily for him — as nutritious and pleasant to the taste. On the ground he is clumsy; in the trees he is remarkably agile. When captured, he feigns death, hence the expression "playin' 'possum."

CROWNS-CORONETS-COURTIERS



DAUGHTER OF A FAMOUS V.C.:
LADY LANESBOROUGH.
Photograph by Lallie Charles.

ton strolls in the sunshine, and the Tamarisk Walk might pass for a sort of sublimated Church Parade, every parader being transfigured in the sunshine. The King, with his cigar, his terrier, and his equerry, seems thoroughly and happily at home.

Lady Lanesborough. Lady Lanesborough is among those still youthful matrons who will appear this season in a new rôle—that of chaperon to a grown-up daughter. Both as

smiles daily on the younger bearer of the title. Lord Alington

Miss Gwladys Tombs and as Lady Newtown. Butler she was famed for her exquisite dressing and beautiful taste. Lady Lanesborough's father was a famous V.C., and she had as stepfather the late Sir Herbert Stewart, who met death so gallantly at Abu Klea. Lord Lanesborough is also a keen soldier; he is at present the Duke of Connaught's military secretary at Malta.

Constancy.

Lady Constance Lytton is in the prison infirmary. It is not by any wish of hers that the rigours of discipline are relaxed in her regard. On the contrary, she covets the lot of her sister

Lady Mary Pepys. Lady Mary Pepys has inherited something of the remarkable gifts of her famous ancestor. She is a very fine amateur actress, and can play with equal ease in French or English. In fact, she was taught the art of acting by a noted French comédienne. Some time ago she followed her mother's example and became a member of

the old faith, both ladies being very agreeable additions to Roman Catholic society. Lady Mary can not only act, but she can also sing.

Week-End Piety.

Madame de Dino once said of her contemporary, Lady Jersey, that her piety arrived punctually on Sunday morning, and left in good time on Monday; and the solemnity of our day of rest is still a little puzzling to the French. But English Kings when they are in Rome do not necessarily have to do as the Romans do; nor when they are in Paris must they become Parisian in all particulars. There were many Sundays in Queen Victoria's reign, and on each one of them did she set an example of strict observance. It had

been otherwise at Windsor before her time; but Edward VII. did not learn his manners from George IV. It is recounted that when that monarch proposed some Sunday party to the model Countess Howe, and especially desired her presence, he was unable to induce her to deviate from her plan of seclusion on that day. His Queen, who heard the earnestness of the royal persuasions, said to the good lady:

"I wonder at your resistance. If the King had been so urgent with me I could not have refused." To which Lady Howe replied: "Madam, his Majesty is *your* husband."

A King Unhoused. The King's annoyance at the reports that he regretted being unable to attend the racecourse on Sunday turned the tables upon the critics of Edward the Sportsman. There was a time when it was thought quite safe to frown upon his racing colours and to disapprove his horse hobby; and one gentleman in holy orders went to great lengths in opposition. The Prince of Wales—as he was at the time—was making arrangements for attending at Doncaster, and proposed to put up at Glyn Parsonage. The youthful pastor in residence sent, through his brother, who was at the time Equerry to the Prince of Wales, an intimation to the effect that, much as the proposed honour was appreciated, he could not accept if it was to be understood that his Royal Highness would go from his house to the races.



DESCENDANT OF THE DIARY-WRITING
SAMUEL: LADY MARY PEPYS.
Photograph by Rita Martin.



AN AMERICAN COUNTESS: CORA
LADY STRAFFORD.

Cora Lady Strafford is giving just now a series of dances in honour of the début of her nieces—Miss Kitty Boscawen and Lady Joan Byng. Her Ladyship is now the wife of Mr. Kennard, the famous shot.

Photograph by Thomson.



A DAUGHTER OF THE DUCHESS OF
LEEDS: LADY GUENDOLEN OSBORNE.

Lady Guendolen is described as one of the most accomplished girls in Society. She has inherited from her mother not only her beauty, but her intellectual gifts.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.



A FUTURE AMERICAN PEERESS:
LADY WILLOUGHBY DE ERESBY.

Lady Willoughby de Eresby, wife of Lord Ancaster's heir, is the step-daughter of Mr. Harry Higgins, so well known in connection with Covent Garden Opera.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

Suffragettes in the common cell. Steadfast in her faith in Votes for Women, she grudges any abatement in the suffering willingly undergone in its regard. Lady Constance is very popular with her fellow-prisoners; and even the wardresses cannot refrain from saying "My Lady" to their prisoner.

"78, Piccadilly." Devonshire House is generally regarded as a sort of Tibet among ducal mansions from the point of view of bazaar-organisers and other such charity-mongers. But to-day and to-morrow "78, Piccadilly," throws wide its doors, and Shamrock is the "open sesame," with the Duchess as the good fairy. The Royal Irish Industries Association always seems to get everything of the best, and an opportunity of seeing the rooms where once all London—including Beau Brummell and his Prince, French refugees and English Ministers—daily mingled with the lovely ladies whom Lawrence painted for us will attract a vast crowd to the Association's sale.



TWO POSSIBLE DUKES OF THE FUTURE: LORD FRANCIS HOPE
AND HIS SON, HENRY EDWARD HUGH.

Lord Henry Francis Hope Pelham-Clinton-Hope is heir-presumptive to his brother, the Duke of Newcastle.—*Photograph by Speaight.*

WEST AND EAST IN ONE: LADY SYBIL AND MADGE THOMAS.



MISS LILLAH MCCARTHY AS LADY SYBIL LAZENBY IN "WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS,"
AND AS MADGE THOMAS IN "STRIFE."

Miss Lillah McCarthy is playing two parts of a widely different nature just now, both at the Duke of York's. She is the Lady Sybil of "What Every Woman Knows" and the Madge Thomas of "Strife," the new play by Mr. John Galsworthy (author of "The Silver Box" and of several notable novels) that is being presented at six special matinees. Miss McCarthy's husband, Mr. Granville Barker, acted as producer of "Strife." The first and fourth photographs show Miss McCarthy in "Strife."

Photographs by Bassano.

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

By E. F. S. (Monocle)

The Play About a Parson.

Mrs. Percy Dearmer's play, given on Sunday and Monday at the Court Theatre, is a work of some merit, which, however, does not suggest that she is a born dramatist. Presumably she knows all about strenuous clergymen, seeing that she is the wife of one; but her knowledge has not enabled her to make a really living figure of John Pilgrim, the hero of her play, called "Nan Pilgrim," nor, indeed, a really satisfactory dead one; for we were not quite convinced that he would die so soon after discovering his wife in the studio of the young artist; and yet not soon enough, for he was a long time a-dying. The modern theatre may or may not be wise in cutting itself from the traditions of Greek drama. Necessity or excuses may be found for presenting death on the stage instead of "off"; but we ought not to be harrowed by long-drawn dying scenes, which, to some of the audience, must be exquisitely painful by recalling sad memories; whilst to others they seem ludicrous, because it is impossible to prevent them from knowing that doctors would be sent for, and, if present, would not be mere idle spectators. "Nan Pilgrim" had its subjective interest in the picture of the parson who had married the beautiful young pagan girl for love, and its suggestion that conjugal life between the two was only possible if he could awaken in her that taste for religion which is by no means universal. Moreover, there were genuine elements of dramatic strife in the combat between the self-sacrificing clergyman and Nan's healthy desires for pleasure, beauty, and gaiety. The dramatist hardly made the most of this, and it was rather a pity that the Christian clergyman should so lightly come to the conclusion that his wife was physically faithless. The charity, soul of Christianity, which "thinketh no evil" was very backward in him. Scratch the Parson and you will find the Pagan, seems to be the lesson: Miss Lilian Braithwaite played delightfully as Nan Pilgrim, whose progress was quite interesting up to a point; and Mr. Holmes-Gore, with pathetic cough and death-rattle, presented John Pilgrim very well. Miss Evelyn Weeden acted excellently as a somewhat needless petticoat philosopher. Mr. Edward Sass was ingeniously funny as a vulgar fellow, but his drunken scene might well have been omitted. Mr. Ben Webster represented the artist skilfully; Miss Agnes Thomas and Miss Esmé Hubbard were amusing in small parts.

Mr. Galsworthy's Strike Play.

There was more agreement among the critics concerning "Strife" than I had expected. Most of us seemed to admire this strong, sincere study of the battle between Capital and Labour which, in one aspect or other, is now the great question in this country and of the civilised world. Even those who pine for pretty love-scenes and comic relief found themselves interested by this restrained picture of the war between the old state of things and the threatened new—between John Anthony, fighting for the power of wealth as the salvation of society, and David Roberts, fighting for the producers of wealth, and claiming what he called justice for the hand-to-mouthers. It was not a tract, but a study; not a sermon, but a

proposition; not a pamphlet, but a picture—a masterly picture. Some thought themselves bored by it: they really were interested, yet thought themselves bored; they were thrilled without expecting to be. Yet what should have been the big scene—the meeting of the strikers at the end of the second act—was the weakest; but the play mounted again, till there came the superb dramatic moment when the protagonists of Labour and Capital found themselves face to face, both broken and beaten in the needless strife that had caused immense misery and ended in a draw. Two unromantic plays in a fortnight, two dramas with less than half-an-hour about love between them! What a strange state of things! Unprecedented! Fortunately, both "The Head of the Firm" and "Strife" are really able pieces and admirably acted. No doubt

"Strife"—the English work, I am glad to say—is the abler: the characters in it are the more finely drawn, and, whilst more numerous, are employed in a more intensely concentrated drama. One could hardly cut a line out of "Strife" without injury. It is this which distinguishes it from a comedy like "Nan Pilgrim," which has some padding. The difficulty of the true dramatist in the puny conditions of the modern theatre is to find space enough; he has no room for a phrase that does not help to develop character, incident, situation, or plot. His play must be like a Phil May black-and-white, without a dot, stroke, or line that is not absolutely necessary. Shakespeare wrote "purple patches," and managers have to cut them out or omit vital scenes of the drama. Look at any stage version of "Hamlet." It is a humour of "Strife" that different views exist as to its intention: that some accept the almost poetical, grim embodiment of Capital as indicating that Mr. Galsworthy is on the side of the masters; whilst others deem that he sympathises with the

men, and a third group think that he is in favour of compromise. Probably he has strong views; but the impulse of the artist is to render justice, to present life truly, leaving the audience to draw its own deductions. It is here that Mr. Galsworthy's work is so much finer than that of certain famous foreign authors who have chosen the stage as a platform or vehicle for theories; but he follows the author of "A Doll's House," who set the world quarrelling as to its message. Mr. Charles Frohman has played the game. He has presented the unconventional piece superbly. He has engaged Mr. Granville Barker to produce it; so it was staged admirably, and the cast was very strong. No one will forget easily the magnificent performance of Mr. Norman McKinnel as the dominating old capitalist who for a while governed his colleagues autocratically; and they, a finely individualised group, were admirably presented by Messrs. Dennis Eadie, C. V. France, C. M. Hallard, and Luigi Lablache, to say nothing of Mr. Heggie's clever performance as the secretary. Also there was Mr. Edmund Gwenn, perfect as a quietly humorous valet; and Mr. Fisher White, who gave a vivid study of the strike leader; and Mr. Hignett, picturesque and quaint as a fervid old Welsh labourer. Miss Lillah McCarthy, sincerely uncoquettish, was almost startlingly strong as one of the mill-girls, and Miss Barton nicely pathetic as the dying Mrs. Roberts.



The Rev. John Pilgrim (Mr. Arthur Holmes-Gore). Nan Pilgrim (Miss Lilian Braithwaite).

"NAN PILGRIM," AT THE COURT: THE REV. JOHN PILGRIM FINDS THAT HIS WIFE HAS BEEN POSING AS ALCESTIS, AND ACCUSES HER OF A LOVE AFFAIR WITH THE ARTIST.

THE EAR-BLINKER: A PLASTER—OF PARIS FASHION.



THE NEWEST COIFFURE: Mlle. DE BRAY WITH HER HAIR WORN IN COILS OVER THE EARS.

We illustrate a new and remarkable fashion in hairdressing; that is to say, a fashion remarkable in that it is in favour to-day, for, of course, it is a revival of an old idea.

Photographs by Reutlinger.



By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

St. Patrick's Debt.

This being St. Patrick's Day, the worthy saint will have much to answer for in the land of which he is the patron. How he cleared Ireland of snakes and other objectionable forms of animal life a well-known song records. It tells how, "where'er he put his dear forefoot, he murdered them in clusters." But not all perished in this way. For—

Nine hundred thousand vipers blue he charmed with sweet discourses,
And dined on them at Killaloo, in soups and second courses.

And many of those vipers blue recur to the mind's eye of the pious Irishman who has been devoutly pledging his saint in the beverage of the country. Then the saint is blamed. That is just what happened in the case of the old lady locked up in Dublin on an anniversary of which Lord Wolseley tells. She was lively and lachrymose by turns, and from her cell they heard the sad lamentation issue: "O blessed and holy St. Patrick, see what I'm suffering for ye this night!" St. Patrick seems to have left the answer to the policeman in charge of the station.

The State at a Standstill.

Lord Esher's lecture upon Queen Victoria has revived many memories of the influence and importance of that august lady in the affairs of the world. But nothing that the distinguished lecturer told us more clearly revealed the relation of the Queen to the well-being of the State than a little accident, the history of which occurs only in a by-path of the national records. The Queen could do no wrong, so one day it must have been the right and proper thing for her Majesty to lose her keys. For lose them she did, while out riding. Now as these keys were those of the Government boxes, there was a pretty how d'ye do in the places where our national destinies are shaped. Alarums and excursions brought an army of lockmakers to headquarters, ready to make new ways into the national archives, while to prevent these men having to act, an army was turned loose upon the highway over which the Queen had ridden. There went Colonel Arbuthnot in advance, his eyes glued to the middle of King's Road. After him came a posse of park-keepers, and after these as many police, all, at the word of command, sweeping the road with their eyes, in search of the keys which a Queen had dropped, and without which the great British Empire had incontinently to mark time.

Taxi. Humour.

The owners and drivers of horsed cabs in London have been learning. Having, with that obduracy characteristic of their breed, condemned the taximeter, they are now anxious to adopt it. There is money in it; far more money than the Chief Commissioner of Police imagines. The other day a man hopped into a cab and rode a stage for which he knew the fare should be tenpence. But the metre swore that it was 1s. 10d. The fare informed the driver that the machine was wrong and needed instant attention. The driver looked horribly

pleased as he handled the money, and promised immediate reform. The next day a similar sum was recorded by the taximeter for the same journey. The fare this time stopped the cab and pointed to the lie of the extortionate automaton. "Oh, that's all right, Sir," answered the chauffeur. "The bob's come up first, that's all. Wait a minute." He drove on, and presently the shilling disappeared, and only the tenpence remained. The men of the horsed cabs must have been hearing things, and be anxious to turn tenpences into a one-and-ditto in the same simple way.

Saved by a Sign. We can all be Molly Maguires to-day, for Mr. T. M. Healy has given away their signs. The signs might be useful. Freemasons tell the finest stories of their craft in this connection. An authentic one appears in the interesting Reminiscences of "A. M. F.," who witnessed the scene. There was an English brig driving headlong to ruin on a French

shore, where were collected a choice band of wreckers and cut-throats. An Englishman present begged the Seigneur of the village bid his followers, if not help, at least to offer no violence to the sufferers. "I dare not," was the reply; "they are like wild beasts." The ship struck, and goods and passengers came floating ashore—grist to the wreckers' mill. They greedily prepared to despoil the Captain as he was pitched ashore by the waves. But, when his life seemed worth not a minute's purchase, his eyes met those of the Seigneur. The latter rushed, at the risk of his



THE NO-FOOD CURE: FRÄULEIN MROTEK BEFORE HER VOLUNTARY 22 DAYS' FAST.

Fräulein Mrotek agreed to fast for 22 days, in the Charité Hospital, Berlin, under the observation of doctors, that the value of starvation as a cure might be tested. She is here shown before and after the trial.—[Photographs by E. Schneider.]



THE RESULT OF THE NO-FOOD CURE: FRÄULEIN MROTEK AFTER HER VOLUNTARY 22 DAYS' FAST.

own life, into the sea, and dragged the half-drowned Englishman ashore, telling the astonished villagers to convey him and the others to the château and treat them with every deference and sympathy. They acted as bidden. The Captain was a Mason, and had made a sign which the Seigneur, another Mason, had seen and understood.

Are You a Mason?

Masons occur in unexpected quarters. Their existence among the aborigines of Australia is a circumstance which should afford an interesting explanation. When John MacDonall Stuart was making his famous journey across the wastes of internal Australia he ran up against an apparently inexplicable mystery of the sort. At a place which he named Kekewich Ponds he met a tribe of savages, with whom he found it impossible to communicate by the ordinary means. The signs common to travellers in wild places had no meaning for them. But towards the end of the interview an elder of the tribe approached and gave Stuart one of the Masonic signs. Stuart rubbed his eyes and stared. The native repeated the sign, and some of his companions joined him in making it—then waited for the reply. Stuart gave the proper Masonic answer, and the natives displayed the wildest joy. They had understood him. They stroked his beard and patted his shoulders, and did all in their power to manifest satisfaction. They were incapable of more. They could make no other intelligible signs; yet they were Masons. Whence came their knowledge? Possibly they had assimilated it—when dining off a white Mason.

AN OUT SIZE.



THE ATTENDANT: Sorry, Sir; but it's 'the largest I have left. You see, gents with big heads mostly go 'ome early.'

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



Mr. Allan Aynesworth's Revenge.

The present season of revivals led a few evenings ago to a distinctly humorous situation in the case of Mr. Allan Aynesworth, who is at the moment playing at the Criterion Theatre. He was in the original cast of "The Prisoner of Zenda," at the St. James's; of "A Court Scandal" (now "The Dashing Little Duke"), at the Court Theatre; and of "Madame Butterfly," at the Duke of York's Theatre. On the occasion in question, he was invited out to supper, and sitting next to him was a lady who belonged to that pleasant family of talkers who never allow one to get in a word edgewise. Somehow, "The Prisoner of Zenda" was mentioned. "It is a beautiful play," she said to Mr. Aynesworth. "I must tell you all about it." And before he could explain that he knew all about it, she had launched into a minute exposition of the plot. The moment she finished it, someone remarked about a recent performance of "Madame Butterfly" at the Opera. "That is a beautiful play, too," cried the lady. "I must tell you all about that." Before Mr. Aynesworth could say a word she began an equally minute history of the plot, which again she carried to the bitter end. A minute or two after she had finished someone spoke of Miss Ellaline Terriss's and Mr. Hayden Coffin's performance in "The Dashing Little Duke." "Ah," she said, "we are going to-morrow night." Mr. Aynesworth saw his chance and took it. "That," he exclaimed, with something like malicious triumph in his voice, "is a beautiful play too; I must tell you all about it. I played in it when it was originally produced, you know,

as I played in 'Madame Butterfly,' and 'The Prisoner of Zenda.'" Then he began an elaborate account of the story. When he finished it, there was a gleam of satisfaction in his eye. He had had his revenge.

Lord Stanley and Mr. Stanley Cooke.

In the days of his theatrical youth, Mr. Stanley Cooke, the principal comedian at the Aldwych, where Miss Marie Dressler has been making her fight for success as a manageress, was a member of a small stock company, in which he had more than his share of accidents. On one occasion he was cast for Lord Stanley in "Richard III.," cut down to three acts, to allow a popular farce to be included in the bill. The only costume available was a gaberdine which had evidently been made for a man over six feet high. As Mr. Cooke stands something under five feet two inches in his boots, an enormous tuck,

part of the theatre to go over his lines for the next scene. Suddenly he heard cries of "Stanley!" and "Has anyone seen Cooke?" He took no notice of the cries, not dreaming that they meant that his cue had come, and that he was making the stage wait. Presently the carpenter, a tall, stalwart man, saw him, picked him up in his arms, incidentally breaking the stitches of the tuck, and ran with him to the stage. As they came within earshot, Mr. Cooke heard the manageress, who was playing Lady Anne, filling out the wait by saying whatever came into her head, while under her breath she made remarks to her companion on the stage. This was the strain in which she spoke, keeping the rhythm of the blank verse. "Ah! poor old man, see how he staggers up the hill. Methinks the years lie heavily upon him." Then she turned and murmured under her breath, "The little beast! How dare he keep me pinging on like this?"

A Salary That Was Not Paid.

"Pinging," it may be remarked in passing, is the term actors use when they speak something like the text, but not the exact words. Then she exclaimed for the audience to hear, "Look! By his face I see he brings great news." To her companion she whispered, "He does not get a penny of his salary to-night." By that time the carpenter had put Mr. Cooke down in the wing. Seeing him there, the manageress addressed him with "What news, my Lord?" At that moment the carpenter pushed Lord Stanley on to the stage. The unexpected rapidity of his movements caused him to tread on the gaberdine, the bottom of which, in consequence of the undoing of the tuck, hung around his feet like a lady's dress, and an over-long one at that. He stumbled over the hem, staggered and fell right into the arms of the manageress, with the result that he could not remember a single word of what he had to say. It was a truly tragic situation, and it was not made any less tragic for Mr. Cooke by the fact that the manageress kept her word as to the non-payment of his salary which she had threatened in blank verse.

Miss Marie Illington's Worst Compliment.

While playing a leading part on tour, Miss Marie Illington once reached Brighton, where she stayed at the house of her brother-in-law. Desiring to please the servants, and not wishing to ask the management for free passes, Miss Illington's late husband gave each of the maids five shillings to buy two seats in the pit. The morning after it had been arranged that the cook should go, she went into the breakfast-room when Miss Illington was breakfasting with her husband. He asked how she had enjoyed the play. She looked somewhat awkward as she replied—"I liked it very much, Sir." "And how did you like Miss Illington?" was his next question. "Oh, I didn't see Miss Illington, Sir," she replied. "You see"—and she paused—"you see"—and she paused again—"you see"—and she made a dash for it—"I didn't go to the Theatre Royal, but I went to the Eden Theatre, as I thought I should like that play better, and it was very nice." The play which was "very nice" was a ramping, roaring, blood-and-thunder melodrama, and its appeal was no doubt a much more potent one to her unsophisticated imagination than the delightful comedy in which Miss Illington was acting.



CURING A PROFESSIONAL WOUND: ACTRESSES PAINTING OUT A SIGN ON WHICH THEIR NAMES DID NOT APPEAR.

The Misses Daisy Green and Mabel Weeks, of the "Havana" company appearing in New York, objected to the fact that their names were not announced with those of other members of the cast, and therefore painted all the names out of the board.

hastily stitched up, had to be put in the waist. In consequence of lack of rehearsals, he had a very imperfect idea of the text, and after his first exit, under the impression that he was not needed on the stage for a long time, he went off to an unfrequented



LATE OF THE GAITY; TO BE OF THE ALHAMBRA: Mlle. Gaby Deslys.

It will be remembered that Mlle. Deslys met with a good deal of success when she appeared at the Gaiety. She is to figure on the Alhambra programme shortly.

Photograph by Bassano.

Great British Industries — Duly Protected.

(SECOND SERIES.)



VI.—LAMP-POST CULTURE IN THE NURSERIES OF THE L.C.C.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

Mr. Galsworthy. I am glad that Mr. Galsworthy has published another novel, and I am glad that he has taken his time over it. It is well that a writer should be a steady worker, and it is well that he should not hurry over his work. Of course, a story-teller pure and simple may reel off story after story as fast as his imagination suggests them to him, and if as a rule I personally am not very fond of such stories off the reel, it is not because they are written quickly, but because the sort of imagination required to do them well is so rare with us. We are bad at plots. The genius for them is, I fancy, rather an Eastern than a Western quality, and in Europe has been found most fertile in Spain, where the Moors were. (It would not be a bad study for a more patient student than I am to trace numbers of our familiar play-plots to their sources. "Box and Cox," for example, which probably the reader thinks is indigenous to us if anything is, came bang out of Labiche, and I should not be surprised to hear that it was originally Spanish.) However, Mr. Galsworthy is not a story-teller pure and simple; pure he may be in the best sense, but simple he emphatically is not. He has always a large idea, which the story is merely a vehicle for expressing. In "The Man of Property" he set out to express, in its quiddity, the wealthy upper-middle class: that was the main business, the rest was subsidiary. So with "The Country House." Both books were like large pictures—as it were, "interiors" elaborately painted. That, to speak roughly, was all. But since then Mr. Galsworthy's mind has taken a special direction. It is profoundly impressed—a hostile critic might say obsessed—with the miserable condition of the very poor, and so now his idea goes beyond a picture painted for its own sake; he sets two pictures side by side, and points their contrast and their relation. That was first evident in his extremely clever play, "The Silver Box," and it is a further continuance of that trend of thought that has produced his last book.

His New Novel. "Fraternity" (Heinemann) is full of a purpose. As I have explained before, I am far from thinking that a keenly felt purpose is any bar to artistic achievement—rather the contrary. But, of course, it conditions the nature of that achievement. If the purpose is sad and gloomy, the novel is not likely to be bright and sunny. This is a depressing novel, no doubt whatever. Mr. Galsworthy felt bitterly while he wrote it, and though his sense of humour was not obscured by his bitterness, such humour as he allows himself comes out grimly. He takes a section of the very poor and presents it as almost irremediably wretched. He takes a section of the well-to-do, a cultivated and artistic set, and presents it as irremediably futile. The two sets are brought into contact by

circumstances, and nothing comes of the contact but increased wretchedness and further exposed futility. A man of letters, whose relations with his wife are a kind of polite farce, nearly drifts into a liaison with a little model—not quite, because at the critical moment he is repelled by her use of violet-powder. That is a grimly humorous satire on the kind of man's feebleness of passion, no doubt, but one is hardly inclined to smile. It is all too sad. But—and this is what matters—the whole affair is set forth with strength and great skill, and if you can enjoy a brilliant book because it is brilliant, you will enjoy this one.

Pessimism. I see that Mr. Blatchford, that powerful optimist, has remarked of "Fraternity" that he "resents all novels which leave him no brighter and no better for his perusal," and so he resents pessimistic novels. I cannot follow him there. I can take delight in brilliant execution, even when the material depresses me. While not so cheerful an optimist as Mr. Blatchford, I am not so pessimistic as Mr. Galsworthy, and that is because I do not believe his types to be so widely typical as he supposes. The number of our miserably poor is a disgrace to England—I grant that. But the great bulk of our poor—the labouring classes generally—is not miserable; its condition might be much better, and there is hope that it will be; but meanwhile it is, on the average, far above the unhappiness of Mr. Galsworthy's selection. Then, I do not believe that all the well-to-do whose "social conscience" is awakened—admittedly too small a section of the well-to-do—are so futile as Mr. Galsworthy's lot: I know too many who work hard in accordance with that conscience, and have good results to show for it. Not quite agreeing with Mr. Galsworthy's pessimism, therefore, I am the less affected by it; but even if I agreed fully, I should still have enjoyed immensely

his clever portraiture of his characters—especially an old philosopher and a young girl, not the model. I hope Mr. Galsworthy won't mind my being—slightly, at least—encouraged by the fact that his young people are less futile than their elders. This girl, the daughter of a well-to-do barrister and his cultivated wife, though she finds herself unequal to living in a slum, does make a gallant attempt, and has really warm feelings; and her cousin, a young doctor, seems actually to be accomplishing something. That is hopeful. What might have "put me off" much more than pessimism is that I usually find literary and artistic people such very dull material for novels, but in this case they are not. Well . . . I have used up all my space this week over one book. But I might have used up ten times the space with ideas it has suggested to me, and that is an advantage—is it not?—in a thoughtful writer like Mr. Galsworthy.

N. O. I.



THE DRAMATIST OF THE MOMENT TURNED ADAPTER: MR. W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM, WHOSE VERSION OF A FRENCH PLAY, "THE NOBLE SPANIARD," IS TO BE PRODUCED BY MR. CHARLES HAWTREY.

Mr. Somerset Maugham, one of the most popular dramatists of the day, has adapted "The Noble Spaniard" from the French. Mr. Hawtrej will produce it at the Royalty on Saturday next, the 20th. The scene is laid at Boulogne, and the period is 1850.

Photograph by Mendelssohn.

OUR BETTORS.



THE CUSTOMER: I say, d' you know you half-poisoned me with those beastly mushrooms I had here last week?
A MYSTERIOUS WHISPER: Then you owe me sixpence, 'Erbert. I told yer so.

DRAWN BY PHILIP BAYNES.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

WHEN THE FLOODS ARE OUT.

By G. B. LANCASTER.

THIS happened the year that Cortiss and Hales went to Canterbury, where the land is quite flat, and irrigation is included in the improvements bill.

New Zealand attempts its own irrigating by means of mile-wide rivers, which rip the country through and through; but Clark, of Ballamar, had his own ideas, with Bennet to carry them out. The Ballamar waterworks took life from a big trouty stream in the Alps that make Canterbury's backbone, and gave it through an intricate network of pipes and sluices and dams to miles of once-barren country. There was a head-dam to control the stream, and there were large sluice-gates and tail-races. And there was Bennet to control them all.

Bennet spoke of the waterworks in the bulk as his system. Which, approximately, was quite true. For when the winds and drought deranged the one, Bennet's own private machinery suffered instantly. He carried always the face of a scared sheep and the soul of the Wandering Jew, and he knew no peace by year and by year.

"For who can tell when such unpreventable things as earthquakes may not upset my whole system for ever?" asked Bennet.

In the sleep-time a wakeful man in No. 2 whare would hear Bennet's quavering tones telling over in dreams the tale of sluices and taps and aqueducts and races—here the wakeful man generally threw boots, which (unless he happened to be Hales or Tresham) always hit. Through every season Bennet's fingers lay on the pulse of the hill-stream, and it was reputed that he knew to a gallon the pressure on each pipe, and the amount of soakage along the clayey bottoms that fed the reservoir.

Then came the big Nor'wester to make of all man's calculations just so much waste brain-tissue. For its burning hands will loose the snow on a hundred hills in a day, and cast the roaring of floods below in a night. Every man in New Zealand knows this, and Bennet knew it above all. Therefore it was to be expected that he should go a little mad on the day of the great Nor'wester, which furrowed the two-year grass-land into direct brown lines, and carried all Clark's cowsheds into the township.

The men fled, half-blind, to the living-whare, and smoked there, and growled the day through; until the long room was rank with twenty pipes, and foul with the dust silting past the barricaded door. For new-sown paddocks were going right down to the ploughing; and into the thick, gritty dust that lay up to the windows the wind cut with the pace of a rifle-bullet. Now and again a wicked shriek breaking the roar told of sheet-iron travelling somewhere in haste; and Cortiss's throat was sore for a good ten days after the yarn he told, a brave half-tone above the rattle of window-sashes.

Bennet bleated without pause of the certain damage to his system; and watched the blank wall of grey dust; and prayed piteously that Forbes would leave the form which he had drawn across the shut door. "Just for a little while, Forbes laddie! Just a leetle while!"

But there was no mercy in Forbes, nor in the wind. And through the dark of early night Hales and Dan Morris dragged him between them over the few stumbling paces to the sleeping-whare, where Dan received a four-by-six post on the point of his shoulder as he wrenched the door wide.

Bennet tossed in his narrow bunk, and saw all manner of nameless things on the ceiling, and heard all the demons of the earth go by to break up his system, and the rest of the whare slept, noisy and serene. The wind buffeted and plucked at the stone walls. It laughed, and told Bennet stories. Then its fury stilled by scale to the murmur of a sleepy tide which flowed out away into perfect calm with the first yellow tinge of day.

Bennet sat up with a jerk that roused Cortiss in the bunk above to vivid objection.

"I hears water rushin'," he said loudly; "I hears it in me ears."

Cortiss lowered his impudent little Cockney face over the bunk-side. "P'raps yer washed yer 'ead yes'day, Bennet," he said irreverently.

"Never did." Bennet tumbled his stiff old limbs to the floor, and wriggled into his clothing all in one piece. "Hopes I knows better at my age. You git up, Cortiss, and come along ter the dam. There's trouble there—I feels it in my inside."

"Wot's it feel like?" asked Cortiss, yawning. He picked a loose scrap of whitewash from the wall and tossed it accurately into an open mouth in the top bunk across the alley-way.

"'Ales, git hup out o' that! Bennet's hinqurin' fur the pleasure o' your company. 'E's goin' hup to wash 'is 'ead in the dam."

"My system!" screamed Bennet, as other displeased voices rose in chorus with Hales's. "There's suthin' upsettin' it. Come and see! Come and see!"

"Go an' see fur yer pretty old self," snarled someone, settling to sleep again. But Hales reached for his socks, seeing Cortiss slip into his coat.

"Like enough there will be trouble," he allowed. "They can do anythin'. And it'd be bloomin' orkard ef the whole show bust out."

"Ah-h-h!" shrieked Bennet, and dived through the doorway, making in red haste for the stables.

A hairy face lifted from a far bunk, and a voice said—

"Arrah, ye loafin' bhoys, will ye be afther him before he has ahl the wathers ov Babylon loosed on tu us?"

There seemed danger of this in Bennet's present state. For it lay near enough to madness to put real fear into those who could see. Hales and Cortiss followed out, to find him saddling up in the yard and exhorting the stable-pump to "Keep cool! Keep cool! I'll see as they don't bring ye to gurgling!"

His little bent body shook, and his old, seared face was working; and, like a man driven by some unexplainable force, he crossed the saddle at a bound, swept up the reins, and made the pace, with his tool-kit thrashing his shoulders. The others took horse and gear as it came, and gave chase.

"For he'll do some infernal mischief, maybe," said Hales; and Cortiss nodded, breaking into careless song as he swung up Ross's stirrups one by one for the shortening.

The earth wore the stillness of death. But it had been an agonised death. •Poplars fell broken across the road where the horses flew them, and crashed through the branches. Thatched sheds showed their ribs to the sky. Clark's Australian wattles were stripped of their bloom, and the sifted scent lay strong on the dawn-wind. The gate into the hundred acres was flat on its back, presenting its uprest posts as a drunken sentry trying to salute.

And still Bennet cried in unknown tongues, and Hales cursed the destruction under the widening day, and Cortiss, swaying time from the saddle, sang fitfully, or whistled to baffle the blackbirds in the gums.

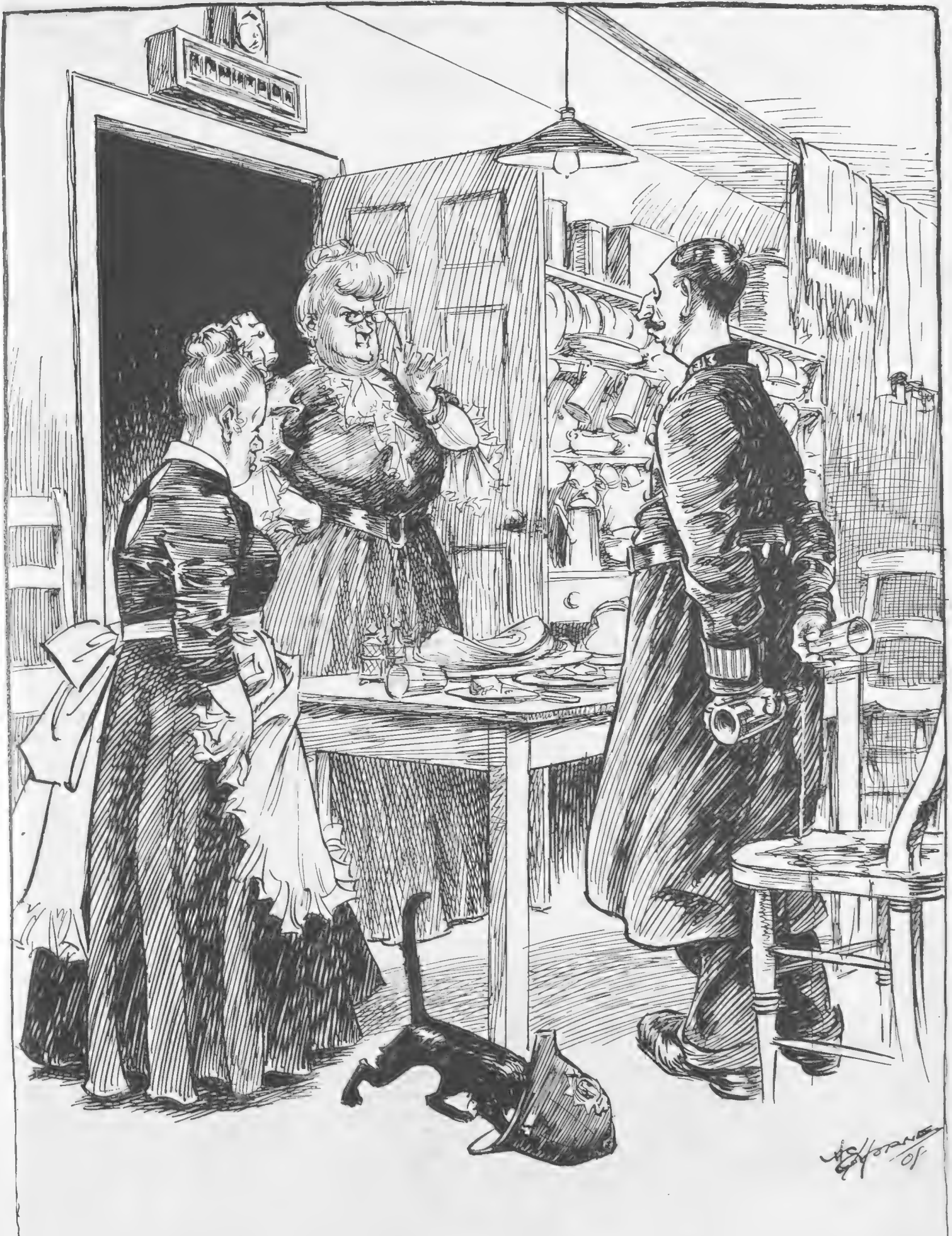
The open races and branch connections were running yellow, though not half full. This indicated flood-water and sluices screwed down. The men saw, and listened for the boom of angry waters. It came to them along the rim of a gully, where Clark's stud cattle moved slowly down from their beds of fern.

The dam met the stream at the gully-head, turning it right and left into the tail-races; and where Dan and Tommy Strang had tickled trout in the shallows two nights back a gleam of white spray showed above the masonry, and the thunder of cannon was with it.

The three beat their horses down to the level of clashing water that was yellow as soap and more foamy. It swelled very near to

[Continued overleaf.]

BEARDED, LIKE THE PARD—NER.



MISTRESS (*making an unexpected raid on the kitchen*): Who is this, Mary?

MARY: M—me b—brother, please 'M.

MISTRESS: Indeed! But he doesn't resemble you in the least.

MARY: No 'M! But we was remarkable alike before 'e 'ad 'is beard shaved off.

DRAWN BY A. C. HORNE.

the lip of the dam, and the sluices complained and leapt to its strain. They were set quarter-draught, and the water battered them with imperious hands. Cortiss saw all this, running swift-foot across to the hand-wheel.

"The key!" he yelled. "Fork hout the key! Bennet, 'urry, you antelope, or it's kingdom come for hus all! She'll go. . ."

Bennet regarded the foul pool where dead sheep chased their tails.

"I ain't goin' ter put that stuff inter my system," he trumpeted. "It'd giv it fever. Tell yer I ain't goin' ter. I ain't. . ."

"Take that key from him, 'Ales. Be as pressin' as yer like. Don't wait ter 'pologise. Jes' clump 'im on the 'ead. . ."

Bennet avoided Hales's rush, jerked something far out into the boiling dam, and faced round, smiling foolishly.

"I ain't objectin'," he said. "Go an' git it, Hales."

Cortiss leapt for him, stuttering in fury and fear.

"The cattle!" he shouted. "My 'ead! the cattle! Turn 'im hup an' shake 'im! P'raps 'e's gammin' us."

They handled Bennet with vivid decision; then slung him aside and assaulted the wheel-chain. But such light things as the kit bore buckled and shivered, making no mark. For Clark's gates were not put there to be tampered with. The chains were double-link wrought iron, and the padlocks set to a word.

Bennet stood by and giggled, and told them that the gates were drawing as nearly equal as might be, and that No. 9 connection was not fitted to stand a heavy strain, and many things besides, all in that thin, reedy voice, and with that silly smile which kept their hands from him.

Cortiss dropped a snapped chisel, and ran to the right round the brim of the cauldron.

"There's no chain on the flood-gate," he cried. "Bennet brought it down broke last time."

The flood-sluices hugged the wooded hill facing the dam. They were unused twelve months out of the ordinary twelve, but on occasion they could yawn, and spill the whole stream by natural ways into the Cardigan River. Forgetting Bennet, Hales followed hot-foot. They looked at the flood-gates. Then they looked at each other. A black-birch of a six-foot girth lay over the gates, with torn roots writhed to the torn hill above, and mighty limbs trailing the water. This snapped at it, yellow-toothed, and spat, and went on rising—rising—rising.

Cortiss dived into the branches cat-wise and without connected speech. Hales stared round helplessly, discovered Bennet's little hatchet still in his hand, settled astride the trunk and began to chop, this being the only solution presenting itself.

Cortiss's little, sharp face flared through the green.

"Come hout o' that, you foolin' woodpecker! Wot's the bloomin' sense o' settin', chop-pin' down creation hup there w'en the bloomin' screw's broke?"

Hales dropped, and inspected the four-inch square - thread boxed screw shorn clean off to the wood.

"They can do anythin'," he said profoundly.

Cortiss said three bad words. Then he scratched his head and considered.

The swirl of water splattered his cheek, and the sluice groaned as a tree drove butt-end first at it.

"By gum!" he said then, very solemnly. "We'll bash 'er in! There's a 'ammer an' a 'atchet an' a chisel, an' . . . 'Ales, yer bloomin' galoot! Wake hup! We're goin' ter bash 'er in!"

He went back for

the kit, knelt on the water-line, and wrenched at the slotted ends where the sluice ran. Hales, climbing across the trunk, fell to work on the far side. And he did not like it at all. For the greasy bubbles that broke into scum rose nearer and more near, talking of danger. Hales was not keen-witted. But he guessed what might be when the sluice gave and the waterway drew the full body of water to it. Cortiss laboured with the fierce, wild-cat persistence of the old breed. His hands were bruised with the kick of the chisel, his nails ran blood, and the hair was dank on his face and neck. He used frank speech besides, lashing Hales into the doing of good work, so that the slots began to gape and throw splinters, and the timbers between were quivering.

Then came Bennet, bleating and clutching among the branches, and asking what game these two played with such grim faces and savage haste. Where Cortiss knelt the flood sucked under his knee-cap, and he saw, straight opposite, the rubbish pushing up and over the concrete-blocks. The screwed-down races carried practically nothing. Therefore, the whole flood would presently tip into that gully where the stud cattle walked. He spoke over his shoulder.

"It's quad for you, 'aporth o' groans! Quad, an' a rope at the end o' it. Yer'll see yerself swingin' . . ."

Here Bennet flew at the little man with the jabber of an angry monkey. Cortiss saw the flash of light on a sheath-knife blade, ducked from it, and took the full-drawn cut across the fleshy part of the upper leg. But, though Hales came on the instant with a roar of rage, Cortiss fought him off.

"Git back ter your place! This ain't your business! Chop, do you hear, you? . . . Belt her proper! Git a chirp out o' 'er hevery time, or Hi'll show you! Chop!"

He dragged out his shirt and tore strips from it, binding the wound as he lay and steadfastly cursing Bennet, who crouched in the spring of the branches, mourning like a disappointed child.

Bennet and the sight of blood and the suck of hungry water demoralised Hales's nerve. He ceased to wrench at the cracking timbers.

"Right 'nough for you lying up there," he growled. "Where'll I be when she breaks an' the water comes through like ole Harry?"

Cortiss explained where he wished Hales to be, rolled back to the slots, and picked up the chisel again. He was sick with the

shock and the sight of the wound, and he had a distinct horror of contracted tendons, or of anything else that might maim a limb. But knowledge that the sluice must go put force to his sinews and held the chisel in his hands. The timbers rocked and shivered, and Hales blurted across the way—"You git back, Cortiss. Reckon I kin fix her."

Cortiss pushed the hammer-handle under the frame of the slot and wrenched it free. Then he gripped among the branches, with his life in the grip; saw the sluice kick, leap forward, and fly before the white main of the flood.

Bennet scolded and cried; and Cortiss, when Hales had wrung the water out of him, said—

"Tie that hold—'s legs hunder 'is 'orse's stumick an' take 'im'ome. Hand ride like the devil, for the muscles is creep-in' hup my legs inter my harms already."

Hales carried a marvellous story back to the whares; and a certain kind of shame made him give Cortiss full measure of worth. Bennet cried all the way down, and awoke to his senses next morning. But no earthly power ever induced him to apologise to Cortiss.

"For them two did mess up my system most 'orrible between them," he said.

THE END.



"WAY BACK IN OHIO."

THE FARMER: Hullo, young feller me lad, where yer goin'?

THE BOY: Back.

WORLD'S WHISPERS

LADY BEACHCROFT, as wife of the new Chairman of the London County Council, will be brought into close touch with a very wide and varied series of social circles. By birth she is Welsh, having been Miss Bonnor-Maurice, of Bodynfoel Hall, Montgomeryshire, but as her distinguished husband's life-work and career have been entirely connected with London, Lady Beachcroft's existence since her marriage has been bound up with the Metropolis. She is keenly interested in all Sir Richard's efforts on behalf of the London poor, and might well claim to be, as he is, a leading expert on the housing of the working classes.

Cupid and Taxation. The little God of Love must be hard put to it when in two such countries as America and France—to say nothing of England—it is seriously proposed to put a tax on bachelors! In Kansas all single



THE GRAND OLD PHOTOGRAPHER OF THE HOUSE: SIR BENJAMIN STONE AND A CONSTABLE DISCUSSING THE POSITION OF THE FORMER'S CAMERA.

Sir Benjamin, who is the member (Conservative) for East Birmingham, is President of the National Photographic Record Association, and a great photographer. His position and his ability have enabled him to make some remarkable negatives.

Photograph by the Sports Company.

men who have reached the age of indiscretion are trembling, and well they may, for one of their own most distinguished citizens, an aged gentleman who has himself been married *fourteen times*, is determined to make his fellow-men pay dearly for the privilege of remaining unwedded. In France the suggestion has been made again and again—in fact, a few years ago it came very near becoming law; and this very last week, in the Old Hall of Lincoln's Inn, a clever debater argued in favour of a special tax on bachelors over the age of twenty-five! One of his supporters declared that the money thrown away

game, must not play—and, alas! he will not have his "exes." paid. Now Lord Harris, as a captain, always drew a daily allowance for hotels, railway, washing, tips, and cabs; and Lord Hawke, it is said, does the same. The presidents, who seem not to be worth a "tweeny's" wages, might well strike. Their present treatment, at any rate, "isn't cricket."

Pope Sutherland. The Dowager Duchess of Sutherland during her sojourn on the Continent—where, in a subtle phrase lately manufactured for royal purposes, she has gone not so much for a holiday as for health—will journey over country strewn with family memories. The Sutherlands were very kingly travellers in the days when horse-power and wealth were not stowed away in the mysterious depths of a motor-car. Mr. Raikes records in 1835 that "the Duke of Sutherland and family, with



WIFE OF THE NEW CHAIRMAN OF THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL: LADY BEACHCROFT.

Lady Beachcroft has two assets in particular that should serve to make her an ideal helper of the new L.C.C. Chairman. Her social gifts are great, and she has an intimate knowledge of her husband's work. She is Welsh, but since her marriage has lived in London.

Photograph by Thomson.

by bachelors each year would build seven *Dreadnoughts*.

The Privileged Classes. The county cricket clubs are tidying themselves for the coming season; the Earl of Craven is elected President of the Warwickshire clan, and the Duke of Devonshire of the Derbyshire. The Duke is rather young for his post, for it is doubtful if a President's fingers should itch to hold a bat or handle a ball. Indeed, the President's position is altogether a less profitable one than a captain's. The Duke, although keen at the practice of the

six carriages and thirty servants," have arrived in Paris, and the next year they came with equal state, driving into the capital with the cavalcade of a sovereign. "Vive le Roi des Belges or—the Pope," cried the people on the Boulevards, at a loss to recognise the livery.

"Give a Dog a Bad Name." Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Starkey

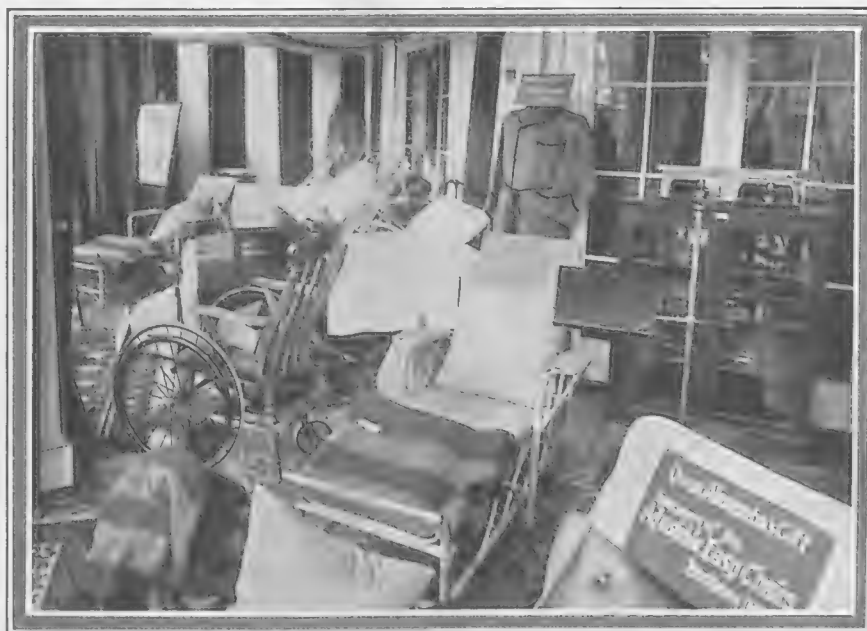
have taken up their abode at Vicarage Gate, Kensington. And just across the Gardens is the smiling little house, suggestive of no sinister intentions, where dwell the Barries. And yet it was from Mr. J. M. Barrie's study that



ENGAGED TO MR. RUSSEL GRISWOLD COLT: MISS ETHEL BARRYMORE.

Miss Ethel Barrymore, the well-known American actress, who, it will be remembered, came over here with "Secret Service," toured with Irving and appeared at the Lyceum and elsewhere, is engaged to marry Mr. Russel Colt, son of Colonel Samuel Pomeroy Colt, a Boston millionaire. She will not leave the stage, at present at all events.

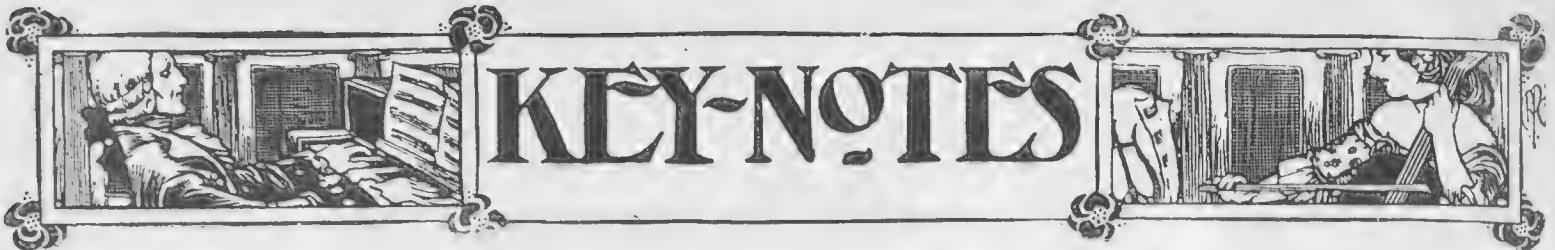
Photograph by Sarony.



BOUGHT WITH THE PROCEEDS OF "THE QUEEN'S BOOK": SOME OF THE CLOTHING AND HOSPITAL APPLIANCES PURCHASED BY HER MAJESTY FOR THE MILITARY HOSPITALS.

One of the results of the sale of "the Queen's book" has been the purchase by her Majesty of £1000 worth of clothing and appliances for distribution amongst certain military hospitals.—*(Photograph by Topical.)*

the pirates of "Peter Pan" emerged and made all the Starkeys, along with all the Smees, figures of fun for ever and ever—or, at least, till the boy who will never grow up is dead and buried. Dickens played the same prank by the Wellers, who had for many years to live in a world that smiled at the mention of their name. Surely Mr. Barrie should explain to his new neighbour that it was from a shop-front, and not from the Army List, that he got his pirate. "Oh, 'appy Starkey! Oh, miserable Starkey!"



The Guildhall School of Music.

Excellent alike in their intention and presentation, the performances by the opera classes of the Guildhall School of Music do much for an institution that is not always above criticism. Hérold's opera "Le Pré aux Clercs" was given last week under the direction of Mr. Richard H. Walthew, who conducted. Covent Garden lent the costumes, the scenery was by W. T. Hemsley, and Mr. B. Southen arranged the dances and acted as stage-manager, so it will be understood that the charming opera with its merry music was presented in the most complete fashion possible. In the part of Nicette, Miss Pansy Hooper scored a distinct success, her only obvious failing being due to stage inexperience. Mr. Alfred Steed's Mergy and Mr. Arthur Gourlay's Girot were very cleverly presented. Stage-deportment and gesture showed the usual signs of neglect, but such neglect is common to all branches of stage work in this country. If the students of the Guildhall opera class are anxious to realise the fullest advantage of their opportunities, they should take some lessons in deportment from a competent teacher. They will then be in a position to do justice to any change that the development of opera in English may put before them in the course of the next few years. Mr. Walthew is to be congratulated upon his choice of operas. The last performance was devoted to Gluck's "Iphigenia," and it is said that Gounod's "Reine de Saba" is next on the list of contemplated productions. Under the name of "Irene," a version of this opera used to be popular in London, but the original book, by that wonderful writer, Gérard de Nerval, was hardly suitable for operatic treatment. Some of the music is as beautiful as anything Charles Gounod ever wrote; it may be doubted whether he composed more charming ballet-music for any of his operas.

A Great Pianist on Her Art.

Mme. Carreño, who gave a farewell recital at the Queen's Hall on Thursday last, prior to her world tour, has been taking an interviewer into her confidence. She had a good word for English audiences, and it would have been interesting to learn her views about the change that has come over the quality of these audiences in years past, for it is clear to those of us who have attended concerts for twenty years or more that the standard of critical appreciation has been raised considerably. Mme. Carreño's experiences have been many. A Venezuelan by birth, and composer of her country's National Anthem, she made an appearance in grand opera under the late Colonel Mapleson, and while with the company of Signor Tagliapietra, her second husband, she wielded the conductor's baton for some weeks. She has been a professional pianist for twenty years, and the wife of two great players, Emile Sauret and Eugen d'Albert. Mme. Carreño has very little respect for ultra-modern composers like Debussy and Max Reger, but believes in the work of Richard Strauss. She deplored to her interviewer the growing

spirit of commercialism in music, and the ever-growing practice of self advertisement, for which she holds extravagance in living to be responsible.

Virtuoso and Philosopher.

Moriz Rosenthal, who made a welcome re-appearance at the Queen's Hall with Mr. Wood's Orchestra on Saturday, is one of the most remarkable figures in the world of music. He made his first public performance in his native city of Lemberg at the age of ten, and then his family moved to Vienna, where he was placed under good masters. At the age of fourteen the young player was appointed Court Pianist to the King of Roumania, and in Bucharest he attracted the attention of Liszt, who took him for a pupil, and developed still further gifts that may fairly be called extraordinary. Rosenthal found time to study philosophy, and then started on a series of world tours that have brought him fame and fortune. He has not been heard in England for many years, but those who have heard him lately on the Continent or in America have been looking forward with great interest to his return to London. Dr. Richter is said to have introduced him to his orchestra as "the king of piano-players," and this is not extravagant praise, for to a wonderful technique Rosenthal adds a fine mental balance, and the gift for interpretation that lies beyond reach of teaching. He keeps in touch with modern musical development in every direction, and has done for Schubert what Pachmann has done for Chopin and Pugno for Mozart. Rosenthal is now in his forty-seventh year.

The New Symphony Orchestra.

Mr. Landon Ronald is to be congratulated upon finding the New Symphony Orchestra, and the orchestra may be congratulated upon finding Mr. Landon Ronald. Both orchestra and conductor are young, vigorous, well equipped, and determined to succeed; the taste for orchestral concerts grows apace, and though there are at least five first-class combinations in London alone, there should be plenty of room for one and all without rivalry that oversteps the limits of good taste. Mr. Beecham, who founded the New Symphony combination, and has now established the fine orchestra known by his name, told the writer a few days ago that it would be quite easy to establish two more first-class symphony

orchestras in London, and that the quality of the instruments with which young British players are provided is considerably better than that which is found among the players in any Continental city of his acquaintance. Mr. Landon Ronald opened the ball on Wednesday last with a first-class concert that included Tchaikovsky's rather hackneyed Fifth Symphony, and a new

symphonic poem, "François Villon," by Mr. William Wallace, who conducted his own composition. It proved to be a work of sustained interest, with considerable melodic beauty and much clever writing, and was well received.

COMMON CHORD.



SOCIETY GIRL AND WHISTLER FOR CHARITY:
MISS IRIS McCONNELL.

Miss McConnell, a daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel McConnell, whistles charmingly, and has appeared as siffleuse at various charity entertainments, here and in Paris.

Photograph by Dover Street Studios.



HÉROLD'S "LE PRÉ AUX CLERCS," AT THE GUILDHALL SCHOOL OF MUSIC.

In the back row are Messrs. Alfred Steed as Mergy, Mr. Eldon Dacre as Cantarelli, and Mr. Arthur Gourlay as Girot. In the front row are Miss D. L. Brede as Isabelle, Miss Ethel Elmes as Isabelle, Miss Brown and Miss Taylor as pages, Miss Lilian Allen as Queen Marguerite, Miss Brooke as a Page, and Miss Pansy Hooper as Nicette.—[Photograph by Dover Street Studios.]

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By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

The Haughty Chauffeur.

We are threatened with the extinction of the hansom-cab, and with it will disappear a genial and typical personality of the London streets—to wit, the hansom “cabby.” The very fact that we addressed him by this *petit nom* was proof that we were on more or less intimate terms with him. For he might have been sometimes vexed, indignant, or hurt in his tenderest feelings, but he was never haughty and arrogant as the chauffeur, who has supplanted him is haughty and arrogant. Can anyone imagine themselves addressing the mechanician of a taxi-cab as “chauffy?” The situation is unthinkable. For the chauffeur has a stern, pre-occupied and aloof manner, which no civility on the part of the “fare” can mitigate. With his képi, his Kaiser-Wilhelm moustache, and his gaze which looks into the Infinite, the driver of our new public vehicle is an intimidating and foreign-looking person. Now, “cabby,” after all, was human like ourselves. He always had the latest news of the evening, and, in strenuous times, would make one a present of it. His was that mildly benevolent and philosophic outlook of one who—from a perch above the crowd—“sees Life steadily and sees it whole.” Moreover, he was a sportsman, and invariably had one eye on the evening bills announcing “all the winners.” Is the chauffeur ever a sportsman, or does his interest centre only on the wild and whirling doings at Brooklands? No one can say. The chauffeur is inarticulate, and with the hansom-cabby will disappear one of those priceless links which bind the classes and the masses amicably together.

The Lorgnette on the Stage.

Just as the cigarette (in the mouth of a woman) is, on the stage, the symbol of infamy, so the harmless, necessary lorgnette, with its convenient tortoiseshell handle, is considered, in drama, the outward and visible sign of selfishness, superciliousness, and worldliness. Directly I see a dowager appear on the boards, I look out for the raised lorgnette which shall proclaim her the supercilious aristocrat which she is. Does a young person wear a long spy-glass, then must one accept her without question as an unfeeling minx—one of those cat-like, dangerous characters who are certain to upset the dramatic apple-cart and never lend a hand to pick up the spilled fruit. And yet there are multitudes of worthy myopic persons who are dependent on the lorgnette for any sort of vision of that world which is so tangible and real to the individual with normal sight. Why should these innocent folding spectacles be made to play so sinister a rôle behind the footlights? Perhaps the gods which rule the drama could give an explanation, for to the ordinary citizen the affair is inexplicable.

M. Abel Hermant on Woman.

No Frenchman ever lived who did not, on his passage from the cradle to the grave, at some time or another have his say about Woman; how much more, then, does not the French novelist, dramatist, or philosopher feel it incumbent on him to place before the world a record of his impressions of the baffling sex? M. Abel Hermant, perhaps the wittiest and most observant of the new Gallic writers, has, unfortunately, but a poor opinion of female persons in general. Not only does he never portray a sympathetic woman (nor, for the matter of that, a sympathetic man), but his female characters are foolish, cunning, snobbish, and pretentious. And in his latest novel—a kind of literary *revue* of the political and social events of the past six months—M. Hermant puts into the mouth of one of his characters his final opinion of women-folk. “We say,” he writes, “that, like the German Emperor, women are disconcerting and complex; but their complexity turns out to be nothing but want of order, of logic, and even of common-sense. Many minds are complicated in the same way that Turkish railway lines are twisted, because the engineer, being paid by the mile, constructs them in a zig-zag in order to receive more money.” After this crushing pronouncement of one of the foremost writers of the day, it is only left to Woman to hide her diminished head.

**Where They Know Fate took
How to Dance. methethe other**

night to a vast hall in North London, where it was made manifest to me that, whatever the shortcomings and the monotony of Mayfair ball-rooms, there is a stratum of society which understands the art of dancing. For it was at a grand competition of sections of the Children’s Happy Evenings Association that a hundred or so of little girls triumphantly proved that there are dances better worth performing than the sempiternal valse. Young Somers Town, Kensal Rise, Holloway, I know not where, proved themselves, with training, adepts at the Spanish fandango, the English morris-dance, and the Russian popular dance. Arrayed



A COAT AND SKIRT IN CHAMPAGNE-COLOURED CLOTH.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the “Woman-About-Town” page.)

in caftans and caps, in lilac sun-bonnets, in straw hats with gay ribbons, the children were as pleased as Punch, as gay as canaries; and the *tenue* with which one or two young persons rising seven “led” the revels would have done credit to a débutante at their Majesties’ Drawing-Room. There has been much talk of late of a reform of the ball-room, and of introducing minuets and other fancy dances to break the monotony of the two-step and the valse. The reformers of Mayfair had better see how Hoxton and Kentish Town can foot it in the mazy dance when trained by the enthusiastic workers, the “Happy Evenings Association.”

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN.

Fashion and the
Flue.

It is not quite fair to insinuate that, because our sex want to wear with effect attenuated draperies, and have consequently made themselves attenuated by superb self-denial, influenza has laid its most violent ills on them. It is stalking our islands broadcast, and accounts come of very bad cases where no thought of fashion rules the conduct of the victims. All the same, many of the smartest of our younger women do look insufficiently nourished. A man of science says that what used to be called "banting," and is now spoken of as "treatment," would be good for them did they do it sensibly and in reason. What he commiserates is picking at meals until healthy appetite for them goes, to return no more. Lots of women are by nature thin, and crave for a becoming plumpness of outline. It is, however, very noticeable how much thinner the sex generally has grown since the silhouette fashion came in. This can be realised when we are in evening dress. Nourishment, however, need not be fattening.

Picture to Prize.

An excellent preventative to the Flue fiend is never to feel inert, fatigued, or empty. Should any of these feelings assail you, have a cup of Oxo, or fluid beef. It is one of the things that serve to convince us that we need not eat to live. Some time I feel sure we shall be enabled to subsist on Oxo tabloids, and save meals for things of pure pleasure, vastly less frequent than now, when their regular recurrence is so often a bore. There is another æsthetic side to the consumption of this beef stimulant: the Company that manufacture it have secured the whole of the publisher's stock of Cecil Aldin's delightful pictures, and are giving them away in return for Oxo coupons. "The Old Coaching Days," a set of six fascinating coloured pictures, and the other series, known as "Bluemarket Races," are included in the twenty-four different subjects, a full list of which will be sent post free to all who write to the Oxo Company Picture Department, 4, Lloyd's Avenue, E.C.

Filliping.

We have many new verbs nowadays; the verb to fillip is one that most of us conjugate in fact. So tense is life that we need it badly when stress is on. Mariani Wine is a means of accomplishing it that is much resorted to. A course of it once a year is advisable, and a glass when Nature says she desires a fillip.

Diana in the
Van.

A la Diane, Paris puts it, but the fashions of the fascinating huntress are popular just now everywhere, especially as concerns hairdressing and headgear. They are appropriate to our own ladies, so many of whom are in reality modern Dianias. The classical goddess had the advantage of an Elysian climate; in that respect we have to make alterations in the matter of more clothing. Her bow and arrows are symbolical, however, and a new hairdressing is bound with a silver file, and pierced with jewel-headed arrows, while Diana's bow is a favourite form of ornament. Hats with wide brims and long, drooping ostrich-plumes, rather like those of Georgian Dianias, are much worn. Velvet coats laced with tarnished gold and oxydised silver are, I hear, to be among the spring models now being unpacked. These are like the riding-dress of the eighteenth century. The Edwardian Dianias have subdued taste, so the garishness of untuned gold and silver is prohibited.



A TRANSFERABLE HEEL: THE FORBEC.

Now that the "Forbec" heel has been produced by the London Shoe Company, there is no excuse for anyone to be "down at heels." The "Forbec" heel can be transferred from one shoe to another when the outer side wears down. It is made in two qualities, at 3s. and 2s. 6d., a pair respectively, and can be obtained at the company's various addresses—116 and 117, New Bond Street, W.; 21 and 22, Sloane Street, S.W.; and 123-5, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.

Christian name of Eloise: this is Lady Willoughby de Eresby, the step-daughter of Mr. Harry Higgins, who is so well known in connection with the Opera Syndicate. As befits the wife of so noted a sportsman as is the future Lord Ancaster, Lady

A Cold-
Spring
Suit.

On "Woman's Ways" page a drawing will be found of a coat and skirt in champagne-coloured cloth, trimmed with lines of black-silk braid and buttons. The collar is of black satin, and is fastened with long ends of soft satin, finished with tassels. The style is Directoire and Hanoverian—a fair mixture of the two.

One of the most beautiful of those future peeresses who are of American birth bears the very unusual

Willoughby de Eresby is a fine horsewoman, and, unlike most Americans, an untiring walker. As a girl she was also noted for her beautiful dancing. She is the devoted mother of a son and daughter, the younger, the son and heir, being a little over a year old.

Cora Lady Strafford is just now one of the most important of London hostesses, for she is giving a series of delightful dances in honour of the début of her nieces, Miss Kitty Boscawen and Lady Joan Byng. Chandos House, Portland Place, is admirably adapted for entertaining—fifty people can sit down to supper at one time in the dining-room, and the floor of the fine rooms where dancing takes place is perfect. Lady Strafford, like more than one American peeress, elected to stay in this country after her widowhood, and five years after the late Lord Strafford's death she became the wife of Mr. Kennard, the famous shot.

One of the most important engagements announced since the beginning of the year is that of Viscount Bury, eldest son of Lord Albemarle, and grandson to Lord Egerton of

Tatton, to Lady Myee Carrington. Lord Bury, who is the accepted Conservative candidate for one of the Parliamentary divisions of Cheshire, is a very distinguished "elder son," for he has worked really hard in more than one continent. He was at one time on Lord Grey's staff in Canada; and when aide-de-camp to Sir Hamilton Goold-Adams he became acquainted under exceptionally favourable conditions with the Orange River Colony. Lady Myee Carrington is the fourth of five pretty and clever sisters, of whom the eldest is Lady Nunburnholme.

Mr. William Cecil Amherst (whose mother lately became a peeress in her own right, though to her friends she is still familiar by her old name of Lady William Cecil) is a prospective bridegroom. His future wife is Miss Gladys Baggalay, whose parents are well known in Hampshire. But for the tragically sudden death of the late Lord Amherst of Hackney, the marriage would probably have taken place ere now. This future peer has seen a good deal of the world; his mother (like his father) is a noted Egyptologist, and since Lord William Cecil is a Comptroller of Princess Henry of Battenberg's Household, his four sons have of late become familiar with Spain and with things Spanish.

One of the most attractive of future Dukes is the bonny little son of Lord Francis Hope. He bears the fine old English names of Henry, Edward, and Hugh, and his birth was hailed with great delight in the neighbourhood of Clumber. Everything was done to surround the christening of this important baby with special pomp and solemnity. The ceremony took place in the Duke of Newcastle's beautiful private chapel, and the Duke and Duchess stood sponsors in person. Master Pelham-Clinton-Hope will be two years old on April 4; he is heir not only to the Dukedom of Newcastle, but also to The Deepdene, one of the loveliest places in Surrey.

We have received specimens of the new "Mezzochrome" Proofs, issued by the Fine Arts Publishing Company, of 29A, Charing Cross Road, W.C. In these Proofs the problem of producing colour illustration by the mezzogravure process, by which the well-known series of Burlington Proofs was printed, has at last been solved, and the results are wonderfully successful. The process is seen to most advantage in the series of four plates illustrating the atmospheric effects of London at twilight and at night. The reproductions of Mr. Algernon Talmage's "After the Theatre," showing the Gaiety disgorging its audience on a wet night, and Mr. Albert Goodwin's "The Pool and Tower of London," are particularly fine. The "Ranelagh" Sporting Prints, of point-to-point races, from paintings by Major E. C. Roller, will appeal to devotees of the Turf and the chase. The "Mezzochrome" Proofs are issued at 15s. net each, on heavy plate-sunk mounts.



THE WHARTON CHALLENGE SHIELD.

The Right Hon. J. Lloyd Wharton, chairman of the board of directors of the North-Eastern Railway Company, has presented this handsome challenge-shield for competition amongst the members of the North-Eastern Railway League of Riflemen. The making of the shield was entrusted to the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths' Company, Limited, of 112, Regent Street, London, W.

CITY NOTES.*

The Next Settlement begins on March 29.

THE MOVEMENT IN KAFFIRS.

STARTED by the advance in Apex shares, the latest movement in the Kaffir Circus received its impetus purely from those insiders who happened to know what was taking place on the Apex property. News of some sort had been expected for several weeks past, and the people in the know bought shares whenever they had the opportunity. The improvement thus initiated has spread to other shares, the Eastern group maintaining the lead of the market. Tips are plentiful as tangerines, one of the most popular being Benoni, a property of which we have a very poor opinion. There is more to be said for Anglo-French shares as a spec. The Company holds Apex and one or two of the other Kaffirs which have been active recently. A dividend is anticipated, and the buying is said to be significant. Little as we are in love with Anglo-French in the ordinary way, the time seems propitious to buy them as a gamble. Lower-priced, Boksburgs offer a good medium for profit-snatching if the shares can be obtained at 9s. 6d. or thereabouts. Great things are talked of Luipard's Vlei, and even Gold Fields are said to be going better. A general forward movement would, of course, take the whole list in its train.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"One of the games that the animals played in the Ark," said The City Editor, "was called the stock Exchange."

"Really!" drawled The Jobber. "Rather before my time. Did you use to enjoy it?"

"And the Rules then laid down," pursued The City Editor evenly, "are those which govern the Stock Exchange to-day."

"Never mind, old man. We all feel with the poor newspaper people who have lost bucket-shop advertisements, and want brokers to advertise to compensate the press."

"What amuses me," said The Broker, "is the highly virtuous way in which the papers pretend to discuss it as a question of purely public and Stock Exchange interest. It's not because they want more revenue. Oh, dear no!"

"Silly fools!" and The City Editor spoke in his haste. "You can't see what is good for your own selves, so you must impute low-down motives to other people. Pshaw!"

"You lose a lot of business through not advertising; you really do," and The Engineer spoke with mild concern.

"What kind of business?" demanded The Broker.

"Well, the business which now goes to the bucket-shop. Take the small man who wants to gamble with a five—"

"He doesn't know a broker, so he goes to a bucket-shop and loses it," The City Editor concluded in triumph.

Both the House-men looked at each other. Then The Jobber nodded to the Broker, so the latter started:

"Is the Stock Exchange meant to be a machine for encouragement of gambling? You talk of a small man. You mean, I take it, a clerk, or somebody else in a position of trust. Shall the Stock Exchange beckon to that clerk and invite him to put a five on an option just as he'd put it on a horse?"

"As for losing it, the odds in favour of his doing that are pretty nearly as long as they would be in dealing with a bucket-shop," added The Jobber.

"But the client stands a better chance of getting his money," urged The Engineer.

"That's the only thing in his favour. But lose it he most assuredly would, sooner or later."

"I do not consider," said The Banker, "that the Stock Exchange would be acting in accordance with its honourable traditions if it stimulated national gambling by giving its members permission to advertise."

"There are many people who think it would be a good thing for the House," declared The Engineer.

"A good many newspaper people, certainly, and they include those who reproach the House because it won't hold out inducements for the little man to come and gamble with it."

"But there's the neglected small investor. He—"

"—is welcomed by any firm of brokers," said The Broker with emphasis. "Don't you run away with the childish idea that he is unwanted. Little fish are sweet, and competition is much too keen for any of us to care to lose half-a-crown or five shillings, plus the prospect of the wider clientèle which the small man is so useful in bringing."

"But the papers say—"

Whereat both the Stock Exchange men laughed, and The City Editor slammed down the window viciously.

TWO GOOD INVESTMENTS.

The Deferred stock of the Investment Trust Corporation and the Ordinary stock of the Industrial and General Trust have both risen considerably in price lately, to the benefit, I hope, of some of the readers of this column, where they have been frequently well spoken of. An increased dividend on each of these stocks is looked for in May, when the annual report is published; and I have little doubt that, if not this year then within a year or two, these stocks will be put upon a 10 per cent. and 8 per cent. basis respectively. They cannot, therefore, be regarded as overvalued at 170 and 135, their present quotations. The Investment Trust has had, for the first time, a full year's benefit from the new issue of stock in 1907, but the

Industrial and General will not experience the full advantage of its recent issue of £500,000 of Debenture stock in the current year.

In previous numbers this year particulars have been given in these notes of the following Rubber Companies—United Serdang, Linggi Plantations, Anglo Malay, and Bukit Rajah. I append to-day some particulars of another of the most successful companies.

(1) The Selangor Rubber Company has the advantage of having the very small capital of £30,000, in 300,000 shares of 2s. each. The area actually planted with rubber at the date of the last annual report was 1504 acres, with reserves of over 500 acres, which may be planted if labour conditions admit. The production of dry rubber since 1905 has been—

1905	29,750 lb.	1908	184,176 lb.
1906	70,577 "	Jan. 1909	24,724 "
1907	120,524 "	Feb. "	21,626 "

The profit for 1908 is expected to be about 100 per cent, or £30,000. An interim dividend of 25 per cent., or 6d. a share, was paid in October last, and probably a final dividend for 1908 of 50 per cent., or 1s. per share, will be declared next month. The production for the current year may be nearly 300,000 lb., and production will increase gradually, assuming no addition to the planted area, to 450,000 lb. or more per annum. It will be seen that, on a basis of 300,000 lb. per annum, a profit of only 2s. per lb. would be sufficient to allow of a gross profit of 100 per cent.; and a profit of 2s. per lb. would be earned if plantation rubber were to fall to, say, 3s. 6d. per lb., as against about 5s. 6d. to-day. The shares should therefore be a good investment to hold for dividends at their present quotation.—Q.

March 13, 1909.

P.S.—A share which has not yet participated in the present movement, and is therefore exceptionally cheap, is Batu-Tiga (Selangor) Rubber. These shares should go over 30s.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month. Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

GUARANTEE.—We should prefer Indian and General Trust 5 per cent. Preference stock, and City of San Paulo 6 per cent. Bonds. The Colombian Government has not stood high, but things have improved, and we think both the stocks you mention good speculative investments, but not for widows and orphans.

D.L.A.—You do not say whether you mean for pure speculation or investment. The Railways are worth holding, and the mine depends on the price of tin.

OPTION.—(1) We think not. (2) A rag. (3) No.

CIVIS. (Oxon).—We do not think the first paper you name reliable; the other may be—we are not sure. The firm is all right.

JUNIUS.—The Company's guarantee would be good enough for us, as the uncalled capital is so large.

MEDICO.—We are very disappointed with the way this mine has turned out, and have begun to lose faith. Many of our friends who are generally well informed still think it will come right.

J. C.—Your letter was answered on the 12th inst.

J. B.—Would rather not give an opinion.

HERBERTUS.—Although the Rubber shares are at big premiums, the capitals are small, and even at present price do not seem excessive. The Kepitigalla Company has good prospects, but the capital is large. Perhaps United Serdang might suit you, or see Q's note. We have spoken well of the two mines; but see answer to "Medico" as to the second, while the Tin concern has not developed as was hoped, to say nothing of the metal falling from over £200 a ton to its present level. The Santa Isabel we have no fancy for.

STONEHAVEN.—Both Companies are good and well managed.

FINANCIER.—We should hold Boksburgs.

C. B. H.—Your letter was answered on the 10th instant. We hear the Patling shares are good.

PROPS.—The Company has good prospects, but the bulk of the trees are too young to be tapped this year. If you can wait the shares are a good speculative investment.

E. M. T.—See answer to "Guarantee." The "A" Debentures would not suit us. The firm is an engineering one.

INQUIET.—We think the geographical scheme is mere clap-trap, and useful for the purpose you suggest. The names of the people who really manage the concern do not inspire us with confidence. The provincial loan is passable, but not half as good as the San Paulo or Rio Janeiro new loans. The bucket-shop was an underwriter.

APEX.—(1) The Pref. shares are still worth buying, despite bad traffics, which will not last for ever. (2) It is easy to talk of what a Yankee Railway is earning, but to buy common stock for investment is often putting your money into dangerous keeping. (3) Amalgamated and Anaconda; but when will the price of the metal rise? (4) Yes.

SKIPPER.—We still think well of Taquah. Certainly average if you can afford the risk.

GRATEFUL. Hold all the Mines—Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4 on your list. The Argentine Land are a good investment, and you have stock for the funded arrears. Nos. 7 and 9 should be held. The others we are doubtful about.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

For the first two days of the flat-race season, which opens on Monday, I append a few selections—Lincoln (Monday): Trial Plate, Laveuse; Bathyany Plate, Jack Snipe; Elsham Plate, Java; Tuesday (Lincolnshire Handicap): Succour, I learn, will be the best of the Newmarket horses, but he may experience considerable difficulty in beating Raeberry. Retrenchment may win the Brocklesby Trial. A number of important meetings under National Hunt rules precede Lincoln. Some of the following may win—At Lingfield (to-day): March Hurdle, Deerstalker; Welcome Steeplechase, Lustleigh. To-morrow: Felcourt Hurdle, Chandelair; Gentleman Riders' Steeplechase, Sweet William. At Ludlow (to-day): Stewards' Steeplechase, Mask; Beginners' Steeplechase, Playful Ocean. To-morrow: Caynham Hurdle, Waveen; Felton Steeplechase, Wingfield. At Rugby (to-morrow): Open Steeplechase, Wand. At Kempton (on Friday): Middlesex Steeplechase, The Drone; Stand Steeplechase, Round Dance. Saturday: Bushey Park Hurdle, The Alant; Spring Steeplechase, Protector. At Haydock (on Friday): March Steeplechase, Flutterer. Saturday: Newton Steeplechase, Sweet Cecil. At Warwick (on Saturday): Glenrex may win the National Hunt Steeplechase and Bairgen Breac the Juvenile Steeplechase.

* "Sketch" City Offices, 5, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.

THE MAN ON THE CAR.

(Continued.)

Motor Antiquities. It is not improbable that the coming Exhibition at Wood Green will boast an interesting and instructive Loan Exhibition of Historical Automobiles. I understand that Colonel Holden, R.A., an ex-chairman of the Royal Automobile Club, and head of the gun and carriage factories at Woolwich Arsenal, is more than keen upon the show, and hopes to collect quite a number of wonderful specimens. I do not suppose that it is intended to go back to the days of Hancock and his contemporaries, but it would be more than good for the younger generation of motorists if they could ponder awhile the earliest Benz, the first Daimler, the original Peugeot, Levassor's "brutale" Panhard, the first English-built Daimler, Sturmeys Land's End to John-o'-Groats, some prediluvian Bollées, which were "truly frightful things," the leviathan 50-h.p. Napier, Edge's first Gordon-Bennett winner, and Jarrott's "Roaring Forty." Then a Wolfmuller motor-bicycle and the earliest De Dion steam and petrol tricycles would add to the interest of the collection.

**Small Car Race
Advisable.**

If my information is correct, the industry, as typified by the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders in council assembled, are opposed to the holding of a motor-race in the Isle of Man this year. It has been suggested that a competition for cars driven by engines of considerably smaller dimensions than those employed last year should be organised, and in face of the huge amount of public attention which, for lack of something better, will be drawn to the Coupe des Voiturettes in June next, I think that our constructors, who are not likely to enter cars for the French race, should enjoy some countervailing attraction. It is the day of medium or low powered cars, and such cars have never been afforded an opportunity of making a good show in the United Kingdom. I would confine the engine dimensions for a four-cylinder engine to a bore of 80 mm. and a stroke of 95 mm., with a suitable minimum chassis weight.

**Feeling the Pulse
of a Carburetter.**

If one would know anything of the vagaries of carburation and the idiosyncrasies of petrol in the making of an explosive mixture of the best, then one should sit at the feet of Mr. Gillett, of Carburation, Ltd., the makers of the Gillett and Lehman carburetter. I do not propose at the moment to belaud this apparatus, but only to touch upon the remarkably ingenious methods which this gifted inventor has conceived and constructed for the testing and proving of his carburetter, and by which any other carburetter can be tested and proved. The apparatus is so constituted that at a glance the pressure in the float-feed chamber, in the jet-chamber, and in the

suction-pipe above the throttle can be seen and compared, while another delightfully ingenious little fakement shows, also at a glance, the engine-revolutions per minute. The combined readings of the above enable the operation of the carburetter to be noted and observed at any moment.

**Alien Tourists Raise
up Trouble.**

Home-keeping motorists do most avowedly suffer for the misdeeds of visitors to these shores who hail from the other side of the Atlantic and scour the country on hired cars. It is difficult to see how an adequate check can be kept upon these gentlemen, whose urging of the leased vehicle arouses so much feeling and makes things so unpleasant for those who come after them. When car, driver, and party are all alien, and are really proved to have behaved badly, a term of imprisonment for the individual chiefly concerned would have a really wholesome effect. In the matter of cars hired in this country and sent out with drivers, the firms concerned have the matter very largely in their own hands. They should give their servants the strictest possible instructions to drive circumspectly on all and every occasion, and to ignore, on pain of dismissal, all requests for undesirable and dangerous speeding.

That excellent stimulant, Wolfe's Schnapps, to whose purity the *Lancet* recently testified, can now be obtained at the bars of the Cecil and other leading hotels. A "Wolfe-and-soda" or a "Wolfe-and-bitters" is good for the liver and kidneys, and makes a palatable as well as beneficial drink. It is very popular in Australia, where over a million and a-half bottles are consumed annually.

One of the few diseases against which the medical profession is powerless is the ordinary cold. A pleasant alleviation of this ubiquitous affliction is a dose of Apollinaris water and hot milk in equal parts. Try it.

There is no reason why we should get our shaving soap from abroad, any more than our granite for naval bases. The Erasmic Shaving Soap, supplied by the Erasmic Company, Ltd., of Warrington, prides itself on being "British and Best." It is pure, fragrant, and lathery, and it has a nickel case. What more could any shaver desire?

Extensive alterations in the cycle department of Humber, Ltd., at 32, Holborn Viaduct, have now been completed. The rearrangement has afforded considerably more room for the display of machines, both with regard to space and the lighting. Certainly the Viaduct depôt of Humber, Ltd., fully maintains the prestige of that old-established firm of cycle-manufacturers, who are patronised from His Majesty the King downwards. It may truly be said that all classes ride Humbers, and are thoroughly satisfied with their choice.

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SIRS.—I should be glad if you would send, per first passenger train to-morrow (Thursday), two Heavy Pattern Covers, 760 by 90, steel-studded, same as last. Also one Motor-Cycle Tyre, XL quality, 26 by 2 1/2.

I shall be sending my 760 by 90 heavy covers to you for examination. They have done about 8,000 miles and still, I think, they will bear re-treading. I shall be glad if you will advise me.

Yours faithfully
(Signed) JOHN J. LODGE.

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